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THE French are insistent upon an independent Rhine Republic. It is plain enough that there is opposition in the Rhine Valley to separation from Germany. There have been strikes, as protest against the plan, in Mayence, Wiesbaden, Frankfort, Mannheim and Cologne. But the fact that the people don't want separation is no bar to the French government. Having failed to get the Rhine provinces from the Peace Conference that government now resorts to what the trade unionists call direct action. It proposes to alienate the Rhine first; "assimilation" can always come later. The French are supplying funds to the separatists, hinting at a promise of lighter indemnities, forbidding strikes against the declaration of an independent state, making the destruction of pro-separation posters a court-martial offence—even getting down to such details as sending propaganda of their own manufacture to American officers at Coblenz and asking that it be posted. While Mr. Wilson fiddles on his fourteen broken strings there is a new war of intrigue in Europe.

AS we go to press, the news from Paris is that no changes will be made in the treaty with Germany, but that there will be certain addenda to clarify its terms. This arrangement is designed to meet French opposition to changing the treaty and British insistence upon amendment. It is compromise in a new form. What the "addenda" will be, it is useless to guess. The change most often mentioned by the correspondents is the stating of a fixed amount for reparation. "The American delegation did not start this eleventh-hour move to soften the terms," says a dispatch to the New York Times. "It is purely a British project, although Americans, and not necessarily the plenipotentiaries, sympathize with it. . . . President Wilson, broadly speaking, is occupying the role of spectator, leaving Lloyd George and Clemenceau to find a way to meet the situation that will be mutually satisfactory to their governments."

WHAT will happen if no genuine changes are made in the treaty—and then Germany refuses to sign it? We were told, at first, that the whole world would unite in starving the rebellious Germans. But a dent was made in this plan when Switzerland announced that she would be no party to such procedure. It was a small dent, however; there were other neutrals. But Norway, a few days later, rejected the plan for a blockade. Another few days, and then Denmark rejected it. And finally Sweden. All four neutrals contiguous to Germany are thus in agreement. They will have no hand in the job, if the maiden venture of the League of Nations is to be the execution of a settlement that so flagrantly violates the promises made by the authors of the League.

AN effective blockade is possible, of course, even without the aid of the four contiguous neutrals. And there is the alternate or supplementary policy of a military advance into Germany. Some observers have said that this latter move would cause trouble within France, partly because the working classes want demobilization, partly because they have less to win from a hard peace than the governing classes have. If there is any truth in this analysis, now is not the best time for a new military venture. The Socialist group in the Chamber of Deputies has again protested against the peace treaty; and there have been strikes, not yet securely settled, that involved five hundred thousand workers.

IN England there is a clear possibility of industrial trouble in case the government undertakes to make Germany suffer for refusing to sign a treaty in which no genuine alterations have been made. The Triple Alliance of railway men, coal-miners and transport workers has already demanded

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the immediate lifting of the blockade against Germany and the abolition of conscription. The revelations made by the London Herald of a secret questionnaire issued to army commanders by the War Ministry, several months ago, has not promoted the confidence of the trade unions in the government. In this questionnaire the Ministry asked: Will troops in various areas assist in strike-breaking? Will they parade for draft to overseas, especially in Russia? Is there any growth of trade unionism among them?

ALLIED policy in Russia is still undetermined. Mr. Wilson has instructed the American Ambassador in Japan to proceed to Omsk, and ask Admiral Kolchak whether he is really as democratic as the ex-Ministers of the Tsar, now in Paris, have declared him to be. Meantime Kolchak seems to have been less successful in the manoeuvres of his army. The Petrograd correspondent of the New York Globe cables that he has been "badly defeated and thrown back seventy-five miles, with the loss of 50,000 prisoners in the last two weeks." "The Soviet army assumed the offensive the second week in May, delivering a series of blows, piercing Kolchak's centre, forcing a rapid retreat, and the evacuation of scores of towns and hundreds of villages. . . . Today the Red army is approaching Ufa, Admiral Kolchak's base, which may fall into the Soviets' hands any day."

IF this report is surprising, after the news we have had the last two months, it is because many communiqués from Russia, regardless of faction, have degenerated into mere propaganda wires. On Wednesday of last week, for instance, the American press was led again to announce that the Esthonians and Finns had taken Petrograd—only to deny the report on Thursday. Again, it was announced on Friday, as an important event, that Kolchak had taken the city of Uralsk. But it was also announced in April, more than six weeks ago, that Kolchak had taken Uralsk. In their anxiety to give to Kolchak the aura of an onrushing victor, many correspondents have had to give the same news two or three times over. They are like the schoolboy who managed to complete a 300-word essay on cats only by repeating the word "mew" 276 times.

IF the communiqués are unreliable there is at least one way of judging Kolchak's strength. That is by reading the statement of Professor Borodin, recently arrived in this country as Kolchak's representative. The obvious assumption upon which the Allies are to recognize Kolchak is that he has a grip on something—at least on Siberia. But Professor Borodin is a poor ambassador when he makes an open request for Allied troops to be kept in Russia. For we learn that Kolchak needs a foreign army to keep himself standing—even in Siberia. Upon what principle do we propose to recognize a government whose "popular support" is the support of some other country's bayonets? Kolchak may indeed get his recognition. Will he also get American troops—to be sent into Russia as an advance guard of reaction? There is not the slightest chance of it.

IT is not easy to tell who is fighting whom in western Hungary. Three more or less distinct military events are reported in the vicinity of Presbourg and Odenburg, towns lying in the famous "corridor" claimed by the Czechs for strategic reasons. These events, be it said, are based on rumors received in Vienna and not vouched for by the Associated Press. First, there is a massacre of three thousand peasants by the Hungarian Red Army. Who these peasants were is not indicated, but it is assumed that they were Magyars in revolt against the government of Bela Kun. Second, there are counter-revolutionary movements started by a Hussar regiment. Third and most important is the defeat of the Czech troops by the Hungarians in the region of Presbourg. This defeat is attributed to disaffection among the Slovaks. This must be taken with reserve. The territory claimed by Czechoslovakia includes much land in which the Slovaks are only a minority, and the rebellious "Slovaks" may be Magyars whose nationality has not been transformed by the doctoring of statistics.

A COPY of the constitution of the "Korean Republic" has reached San Francisco, and been made public by the Korean National Association. This document was drawn up on the 27th of April, at an unnamed city, by the provisional cabinet and representatives of the "government." It provides for equal suffrage and compulsory education—and establishes "religious liberty, freedom of speech, freedom of writing and publication, the right to hold public meetings and form social organizations." After this exhibition of impractical idealism it is not hard to see why Japan regards Korea as unfitted to govern herself.

THE final passage of the federal suffrage amendment is a victory for all liberals, and particularly for the band of women, whose work has been so patient and courageous. Suffrage is not democracy; it does not put an end to sweatshops, hunger or illiteracy; but it is a firm step toward a better state. And the suffragists have every justification in their demand for immediate ratification. Because the machinery of our state legislatures is unwieldy they ask for extra sessions. In only six states is there a session every year; in five others will the legislatures happen to meet in time to ratify the amendment, if they choose to ratify it, before the next election. There are thirty-seven states in which no action can be taken by that time, unless the governors summon their assemblies for that particular purpose.

FOR a second time Congress is to investigate a peace leak. Two years ago a committee of the House went upon a similar excursion—and succeeded only in giving Mr. Tom Lawson a chance to capture the headlines, and the country a chance to laugh at the committee. Some not very different result is possible now. The Senate is not pursuing a trail of much importance. What matters is the Senate's action on the treaty itself, and not whether it can find one, four, or fifty copies that have "leaked" into New York through brothers-in-law and business friends. Unless the investigation is more direct than many we have had in the past, public attention is sure to be diverted from the serious business of the hour.

THE House, as well as the Senate, has instituted an investigation. By a unanimous vote it agreed to inspect the

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expenditures of the War Department. Charges of partisanship have been made. There will be more charges. And no doubt many people are more anxious to discover that the Department made mistakes, than that it didn't. But the investigation of an executive department is always a proper activity for a legislative body to undertake. It was certain to come. We may all hope that it will be serious and straightforward.

SO far as his own convenience was concerned, Mr. Burleson chose a fortunate moment for the return to private hands of full control over operation of the telegraph and telephone systems. Congress, said Mr. Burleson, is about to return the wires completely—so I might as well give the private owners a running start. But it is a happy coincidence that by this action Mr. Burleson avoids meeting the issue of the general strike threatened by the operators. Mr. Burleson, being in a tight corner, lifted the trapdoor and disappeared. His latest act, like his earlier ones, has done little to convince labor that the government, as employer, can be relied upon.

GOVERNOR HOBBY of Texas has declared that there is danger of raids across the Rio Grande, and asked for more troops along the Mexican border. Our troops on the border now number twenty thousand men. We have every reason for adequate protection if there is a new danger of raids. But we have every reason, too, to increase our understanding with the Mexican government to the farthest point we can push it. In an address made a week ago, Mr. Gillett, Speaker of the House, referred to Mexico as a plague spot that must be cured. Mr. Gillett's speech, in the opinion of the Mexican counsellor in Washington, is to be interpreted as foreshadowing intervention. Mexico should be assured, once more, that we have no such intention.

LABOR parties are being organized in New York and Illinois; in Pennsylvania a proposal for similar action is now raised. A resolution adopted by the State Lodge of Machinists declares that since "the two old political parties in Pennsylvania can no longer be depended upon to serve the working class in any manner," the State Federation of Labor is accordingly called upon to "take such steps as may be necessary for independent political action by the working people." The Executive Committee of the Federation is to summon a special convention, not later than January, to ratify its decision. Meantime a labor newspaper is to be started.

IT is not likely that Mr. Gompers will brand as Bolsheviki these advocates of state labor parties. He is bitterly opposed to what they are doing; but he can scarcely discredit responsible leaders of the A. F. of L. in the three greatest states in the country. It is possible, however, that at the June convention of the Federation there will be put through a resolution opposing the formation of a national labor party. That will not check these state parties which are springing up so rapidly. The state federations of labor have their own jurisdiction in such matters. And through state organization the national party will come.

IT is no easier than it was a week ago to be sure of the labor situation in Canada. More unions have joined the general strike at Vancouver, and coastwise shipping has been badly tied up. In Winnipeg the returned soldiers have been playing a more prominent part—some of them parading with the strikers, others taking part in anti-union demonstrations. During the week official efforts at a settlement in Winnipeg have apparently been limited to an address to anti-union soldiers, made by the commanding officer of troops in the Manitoba district. Of this address our press gives us only a cryptic paragraph: "When the government does act in connection with the Winnipeg upheaval, I am sure that you soldiers will agree that when I intimated today that action was impending to deal with revolution and Bolshevism I did not tell you all." Here in the United States, so far as recent news from Canada is concerned, no one tells us anything.

WOMEN conductors in New York City have had considerable publicity, but very little else. The National Consumers' League has completed an inspection of the conditions under which women are employed by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. It finds that girls have not only been working 7 days a week—but sometimes 12, 14, 16 and 21 hours a day. Proper accommodations for comfort are lacking. There are no adequate lunch periods; some girls are on duty as long as eight hours at a stretch without time for a meal. Fortunately a law limiting the maximum hours of these workers has recently been passed by the state legislature. But the report of the Consumers' League makes it important for the State Industrial Commission to look into all the conditions of their labor.

AMERICANIZATION, to judge from many official and semi-official reports about it, is something that can be taught like quadratics or jiu-jitsu. The Reconstruction Commission of New York has recently recommended to the governor certain methods of Americanizing the citizens of the state. It wants continuation schools for boys and girls at work, instruction in the English language, courses in American institutions and ideals. There is nothing here that isn't worth doing. But there is nothing, it must be said, that promises to go very far. There is more to the task than language and chautauquas. There must be provided, among other things, if the Americanization is to stick, a living wage, good homes, a fair share of control over industry, and enough leisure time to make study possible. Few programmes of Americanization arrive within the perimeter of the real problem.

A BILL for the regulation of railways and other common carriers, after their return to private ownership, has been introduced in the House of Representatives by the Republican Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee. The bill does not provide for federal incorporation or the creation of regional systems under sub-commissions. It does not aim to guarantee a fixed return on valuation or book cost. But, provided the Commerce Commission finds it to be in the interest of better service or greater economy in operation, the bill authorizes a pooling of freight and earnings. This is the method by which its author expects the stronger roads will absorb the weaker.

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For Those Who Dared Not Speak

WHEN the summary of the treaty was originally published one of the most distinguished men in America remarked privately: "It is lamentable, but we must sign and take what consolation we can out of the fact that if the Germans had won they would have made a worse job of it." This with variations has been the state of mind of a large mass of reasonable people. They admitted that the treaty was bad, that portions of it were dishonorable, that the bulk of it was unworkable, but they could see no course but to sign and throw the whole burden of revision upon the immature League of Nations. There are scattered through this country men who knowing European problems know the mischief of the draft treaty. They say so privately. They are mortified, but "not for quotation." They excuse their reticence by saying that nothing can be done.

Well, something can be done. Something has been done. And if there were a few more people ready to stand up and be counted, enough might be done to give Europe a decent chance for peace. In England, enough men have recovered their wits and their courage to change Mr. Lloyd George's attitude, and force him into the championship of amendments that might yet produce a possible settlement. While American progressives have sat by supinely tut-tuting it with the New York Evening Post, relieving themselves by hating Senator Lodge, or hugging the Covenant to keep up their spirits, the leaders of British Labor, the best representatives of British journalism, and some of the unquestioned leaders of British thought, have publicly and privately fought against this mockery of peace. They were a minority, only a little larger perhaps than the minority in America. But they have almost brought the Peace Conference to its senses.

Now if the small protest that has been made was sufficient to force a reconsideration of the most extravagantly bad features of the treaty, what would have been the result, if every one had spoken out who knew the evil that was being done to the peace of the world? The bulk of opinion in this country is listless for lack of leadership. It wishes peace; it has never seriously considered whether the Treaty of Versailles means peace, or is merely the charter of new wars. Explanation and protest, not acceptance and resignation, was the duty of those who could picture to themselves the misery to which this unworkable treaty condemns the world. There was no need to sigh and be silent. Paris has already heard a few voices speaking the conscience and prudence of men. Had those voices been many, the world might have been turned from greater agonies to peace and restoration.

What Paris is now reconsidering are those elements of the treaty which make it an instrument of disorder. A plebiscite in the Polish districts. Why? Because those supposedly well informed statesmen have discovered a civil war about to break out. A definite sum, instead of a blank check to be filled in by the Reparations Commission. Why? Because this engine of commercial intrigue and indefinite menace is even now revealed as an intolerable disturber of the European peace. Early admission of Germany to the League. Why? Because in June the statesmen see what they declined to see in May—that a mere league of victors inevitably calls into existence a league of victims and divides the world into a new balance of power. Measures to protect German industry from strangulation for lack of minerals and shipping. Why? Because in the first week of June they are beginning to admit what in May they chose to ignore—that German industry must either exist or stop, and that once stopped it cannot pay.

If the British delegation has discovered all these things in a few weeks because British Labor and Liberalism have spoken, what might President Wilson not have discovered had it been made known to him that he was expected to keep his word solemnly given, and either to produce a peace which might work, or to come home and tell his countrymen the truth? A little plain speaking by people whose opinions have weight, a little courage instead of conformity, would shake the whole structure of illusions, and put the statesmen at Paris to work making a treaty which can be executed in a peaceful Europe.

The obvious changes which all prudent opinion demands are well enough known. No raising of the question of sovereignty in the Saar; plebiscites in all the mixed territories it is proposed to cede; self-determination for Austria; the admission of the German Republic to the League, soon and at a definite date; a definite sum to be paid as reparation fixed in conformity with the agreement in the armistice, and the consequent abolition of the Reparations Commission as a body controlling German industrial life; equality of trade conditions after the signing of peace; titles to private property in ceded districts to be undisturbed unless extinguished by due process of law; guaranteed cargo space in the shipping of the world; a reduction of the period of occupation so that it shall end after a specified part of the reparations have been made; the cession of German rights in Shantung to China.

The difference between the treaty as it stands and the treaty amended along these lines would be the difference between plain bad faith and an observance of at least the letter of the contract. It

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might also just barely give the League of Nations a fighting chance for its life. What do these changes accomplish? In the Saar they eliminate a conflict that must poison Franco-German relations for an indefinite period. In the Polish transfers they assure Poland a title based on popular consent to territories reduced so that the frail Polish state will not start its career as the master of two million aliens on its northern and western frontier. The economic changes abolish the dangerous temptation of trying at once to levy tribute and destroy the source of tribute; they eliminate from the European situation that supremely irritating organ, the Reparations Commission. The measures to protect the bases of German industry may be just enough to prevent that total collapse from which nothing but disorder can issue. Admission to the League may prevent Germany from seeking desperately for assistance outside the legal framework of civilization, thus turning the project from a mere alliance into the faint beginnings of a League. The Shantung amendment obviously serves the interest of peace in the Far East.

By amending the treaty so that Germany is left without good moral ground for attempting either now or later to overthrow it, by relying on popular consent instead of mere force to insure the territorial changes, by inaugurating an economic regime which does not require a generation of violence for its execution, by reducing the military occupation so as to narrow the opportunity of political intrigue in the Rhine valley, by making a League that is a little more than an instrument to enforce a bad treaty, Europe may just about escape the path which leads to new wars and epidemic revolution.

These changes will not heal the world. They do not in any real sense lay the foundations for an ordered life. The revived continental ambitions of France, and the commercial and imperial might of Britain, are not brought under adequate control, nor the plans of Japan. These issues still lie ahead. But at least the changes may save Europe from some of the new and added evils contemplated in this treaty, from a Germany prostrated, rebellious and dismembered, from a Poland romantically intoxicated and driven further and further along the path of aggression and intrigue by the hopelessly unstable character of her relations with all her neighbors. Saved from the unnecessary dangers, the peoples of Europe might yet, without revolution, convert the settlement ultimately into a peace.

But if the Treaty of Versailles stands practically intact, it will constitute not a working charter to be amended gradually into something better, but an international carpet-bagging regime which must be repudiated before a genuine League can proceed to make a genuine peace. Those who are complacent and silent today will soon regret their silence and their complacency. They failed at one of the supreme moments of human decision, and have permitted four men secretly to boggle the hope of the world.

French Ambitions

A RHENISH Republic, whether within the Germanic federation or outside of it is an absurdity to Americans. It is as great an absurdity as would be a Californian republic, launched against us by Japanese admirals and generals after a disastrous Pacific war. Not even the promise of full relief from war indemnities could create in the German Rhine territories an honest public sentiment in favor of separation. Why then pay any attention to the project? Because it is not an isolated fact in the manoeuvres of French diplomacy, but an integral part of a great plan. A Rhenish republic would violate the principle of nationality. But the great plan of French imperialism is little concerned with the principle of nationality. The French imperialists seek to dominate Europe, and this they can do only by transcending the principle of nationality, as the Germans proposed to do in their projected empire of Mitteleuropa. Where the Germans were doomed to fail the French think they can succeed, because they are infinitely more adroit than the Germans in diplomacy and sufficiently resolute in the employment of force.

Upon the signing of the peace France will stand as the one great military Power of the continent. Germany and Austria will be effectually disarmed, while France will retain under arms a body of men much greater than any standing army of the peace years preceding 1914. The necessity of holding Germany to the peace terms will be adequate justification for the maintenance of an army powerful enough to overwhelm any force that might be organized in opposition to French designs. And so long as it is necessary to occupy German territory the cost of the French army can in large part be saddled upon Germany. France will also have a magnificent political capital in the shape of influence in the newly organized states. Czecho-Slovakia is under deep obligations to France for both moral and material support. It was France that maintained in Siberia the Czecho-Slovak forces whose activities brought about the official recognition of Czecho-Slovak belligerency. France has backed up every claim of Czecho-Slovakia to territory in dispute with the Germans and the Magyars. Not only will Czecho-Slovakia be bound to France by gratitude for assistance in overriding the principles of self-determination; the Czecho-Slovaks will also be

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bound by the prospective need of future assistance when the border districts move for revision of boundaries. Jugo-Slavia is equally under obligations to France. The French were the first western people to accept with enthusiasm the ideal of a unified Jugo-Slav state under the Serbian dynasty, and it was French skill in propaganda that made Anglo-Saxondom accept such a state as natural and inevitable. The French have consistently backed the Jugo-Slavs against Italy, and the time is not in sight when Jugo-Slavia will be able to dispense with French support in disputes originating in the Adriatic question. In the dispute between Jugo-Slavia and Rumania over the Banat of Temesvar France has a more embarrassing problem, since she wishes to develop substantial political influence out of the sentimental adherence of Rumania to French civilization. But Rumania may be expected to make concessions to Jugo-Slavia with fairly good grace, in view of the fact that she will be permitted to compensate herself ad libitum at the expense of the Magyars, Bulgars and Ukrainians. Besides, the internal political condition of Rumania is very unstable. Revolution is an ever present possibility, and the government may at any time have to call in foreign aid. It will have to look to France, as the natural leader of the forces opposed to Bolshevism. Thus France should be in a position to compose the disagreements between Rumania and Jugo-Slavia while retaining a preponderant political influence in both countries.

The case of Poland is simple. Ever since the partition France has sympathized with every movement for a restored Polish nation. During the war Paris was the centre from which the independence movement was directed, and the present government of Poland is essentially a creature of France. It is to the French that the Poles look for support in their efforts to extend their control over German, Ukrainian, White Russian and Lithuanian territory. France is besides Poland's guarantor against Bolshevism. It is no wonder that the French imperialists count confidently upon the support of Poland both in peace and in war.

But the ambitions of France do not rest with the new states that are so deeply indebted to her. She has not abandoned the dream of recovering the influence she exerted upon Russia before the revolution, and of developing that influence into something akin to control. The civil struggle against Bolshevism offers the desired opportunity. If the Kolchak movement succeeds that will be in no small measure due to the French diplomacy which compelled the Czecho-Slovak forces in Siberia to keep up their warfare on the Bolsheviki until Russian anti-Bolshevik forces could be organized. It was the French who compelled the British and Americans to agree to intervention, and it is the French who are most active in munitioning and supplying Kolchak and in the movement for recognizing the Kolchak regime as the All Russian government. Kolchak may attain the goal of All Russian rule, but if he does, he will find difficulty in holding his position. The French will supply him with money and whatever else he may need. And this implies that French influence will be dominant in Russia at least until the passions engendered by revolution have subsided.

From the Channel to the Urals there are only three masses of population impenetrable to French influence—if we leave Italy out of account, as the French assume that it is safe to do. These are the Bulgars, the Magyars and the Germans. The first two are negligible. Their territory will be shorn down to the lowest practicable proportions and their economic position will be such that they will not be able to deploy even the scant forces they possess. The Germans present a more serious problem. They remain a numerous and energetic race even after transferring to France, Belgium, Denmark, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia rather more German territory than can be easily digested. Divide and conquer is the only practicable means of holding the Germans down. Hence the prohibition upon the union of German Austria with Germany, which will stand until the League of Nations revokes it. Hence also the Rhine Republic. What if the independent regime in German Austria and in the Rhine Republic lacks popular support? That will offer all the more opportunity for foreign influence, that is, French influence.

A continent dominated by France, that is the grandiose plan upon which the Paris architects are at work. It is not a new plan. Some of the details are new, but the larger lines were drawn by Richelieu and Louis XIV. Those plans were taken over by the Great Napoleon and for a little while were apparently realized; they were revived, to the disaster of France, by the Little Napoleon. It is no accident of history that the French imperialistic dream recurs periodically. The foreign policy of every country is a great conservator of tradition. The absolute monarchy may give way to the constitutional, and that in turn to a republic or a democracy. But the foreign policy proves resistant to such changes, profoundly as they may affect other political conditions. Often the personnel of the foreign office remains unchanged, but if not, the tradition nevertheless reasserts itself. The spirit of Richelieu, although it took shape before nationalism figured at all in European politics, flourishes vigorously in twentieth century France, in spite of the fact that it was the French Revolution that gave the chief impetus to the nationality movement.

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The spirit flourishes, not in the broad masses of the people, but in the bureaus and the select circles, whose relative political strength has been enormously increased through the destruction by war of much of what was most vigorous in the people. The masses, broken by suffering, ask only for security. And where is security more plausibly to be sought than in a system that would sprinkle Europe over with governments looking to France for support and in their turn placing their armies at the disposal of France if any other nation should rise to contest the hegemony of Europe? In a League of Nations? But the French imperialists have worked successfully to discredit the idea of a League, and have managed to make of it chiefly a scheme for consolidating the hegemony they are seeking under the peace treaty.

The French democracy can not be expected immediately to block the schemes of French imperialism. Nevertheless, the democracy is likely to prove a significant factor in the future, a factor of a kind not taken into account by the seventeenth century originators of the French dream of hegemony. Everywhere the French imperial influence rests upon the continued success of the less popular party. In Jugo-Slavia French diplomacy is backing the Serbian royalists, not the Croatian republicans; in Rumania, the dynasty and the aristocracy, not the agrarian reformers. In Czecho-Slovakia the moderate Socialists, who are not Socialists at all but a fairly conservative middle class party, are behind Masaryk and the French plan; in Poland the French influence is supporting the reactionary party of Dmowski; in the Ukraine the French played consistently with the reaction, as they played and are still playing with reaction in Great Russia. From the point of view of French democracy, the French imperialists are everywhere backing the wrong horse. And when it becomes clear that the gamble is one that involves continuous repression of democratic movements the French democracy is likely to make itself heard.

But why is it necessary for the French imperialists to throw in their lot with the reaction instead of backing the party of progress? Partly because they are themselves reactionary, no more believers in democracy than Kolchak or the Grand Duke Nicholas. But it is chiefly because a really democratic party does not lend itself readily to the influence of any foreign power. France can use a reactionary Poland, Rumania or Jugo-Slavia for her own purposes. A country controlled by a democratic party can be used only for its own purposes. Out of a system of democratic states it is possible to build a league for mutual defence, but it is not possible to constitute a grandiose system of states looking for light to a single Great Power.

The reaction in France seeks to rule Europe, and it can do so only through the European reaction. But that reaction appears to be rather the expression of a transitory moral exhaustion than a new force in history. Imperialistic French ambitions thrive today but democracy does not despair of tomorrow.

Terrorism

BOMBS planted in eight different cities in one night are conclusive evidence of a really serious criminal conspiracy, and the quicker the guilty men are caught, tried and punished the better. They need expect neither mercy nor martyrdom nor anything but the contempt that traitors earn from the working class they have so foully outraged.

For Terrorism, whether by self-selected lunatics, garret conspirators, mass dictators, lynching parties, vigilantes, or provisional governments, is a double crime against liberty. Upon murder it piles the mortal sin of creating panic, and there is no greater enemy of society than the panic-monger. It breaks down the none too stable forces of public reason, and unlooses endless uncontrollable evil. Liberty is not achieved by terror, and the victories of liberty when attended by terror are always retarded and poisoned by it. The idea entertained by some that a people can by a quick stroke of violence leap to freedom is a fatal delusion. It means and always has meant a hopeless oscillation between tyranny and anarchy in which no man is free because no man is secure. It is no accident that the Frenchman who has written the largest book advising the French syndicalists to practice sabotage and violence by minorities has completed the circle by joining the royalists who wish to restore the French Monarchy. The Red Terror always breeds the White Terror, then and now.

A movement for social betterment has no room in it anywhere for crimes of violence or a philosophy of destructiveness. It weakens itself every time it yields, every time it tampers with them or acquiesces. Trade unionism, for example, has suffered and been ineffective wherever it has practiced sabotage or the related doctrine of limited output. Politically the working class has lost wherever it bargained covertly, intrigued and bullied, instead of acting frankly in the open and submitting its claim to the democratic test. Wherever it has surrendered leadership to the operatic agitators, it has purchased temporary excitement for permanent gain. For the victories which really count, the actual achievements as distinguished from buncombe

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and paper progress, are those which are widely implanted by education in the mass of men. It is not the wording of the English law but the ingrained respect of the Englishman for his rights which has given England more individual liberty with less rhetorical flourish than any great nation on earth.

No better social order is conceivable without more truth, love, charity, respect for human life, tolerance of human differences, more accuracy of mind, more workmanship, more candor, more good humor than any of us can practice today. That better order can not be created at a stroke, for a cataclysm can result in speeches and noble constitutions but not in habits by which a social order operates, and therefore, in so far as a movement aiming towards a new order of society practices or condones violence or intrigue or malice or intolerance, loose thinking, bad workmanship, or the quest of grandiloquence, just so much does it undermine the thing it desires. An American reform which cannot be accomplished by education is either unsound and violates some essential need of men, or it is in the hands of people who are not competent to achieve it. When those who press for that reform, finding themselves baffled, turn to violence or trickery, they fall under the definition which describes a fanatic as a man who redoubles his effort when he has forgotten his aim. A reform achieved by the breaking of a basic social virtue is a deceptive not a net gain. At best it is an exchange within not an addition to the fund of progress. At worst it is a sacrifice of the end to the means. In any case it robs Peter to pay Paul.

Class warfare represents not a method of social progress but a breakdown of the method. It occurs when reason and public spirit have collapsed, when all the processes of adjustment are impotent, when the status quo has become rigid and the demand for change furious. When unscrupulous authority insists that nothing be altered and an unscrupulous minority insists that the whole earth and heavens be changed, then the scrupulous centre is swept aside and force decides. But what it decides is not whether authority shall be upheld or a new social order created, but whether for a comparatively brief time the Red Terror shall precede the White Terror or vice versa. Out of class warfare there is born ultimately neither the old order of White nor the new order of the Reds but something as different from either as Napoleon was from the regicides of 1792. "You must have chaos within," said Nietzsche, "in order to give birth to a dancing star." Only too true. But who in his senses wants to give birth to a dancing star?

In no large nation at the present time is there less prospect of class warfare than in America today, and less excuse for it. With freedom of speech assured, so that only incitement to violence and lawlessness is repressed; with that repression swiftly, coolly and intelligently administered; with tolerance for other men's views and a wide recognition that evil must be dealt with and removed; with a common appreciation that Americanism is a motive of social justice there is no reason why men of differing aims should not peacefully work out their differences. Those who want to preserve the American structure as it is no matter how much the roof leaks and those who think it needs to be enlarged and modernized after all do both want a house for the American people, and however much they may differ on all other points, they might at least agree, first that the building shall not be left alone till it falls apart, and second that it shall not be razed to the ground in a fit of impatience. We must differ, but we are a community, and those who like the bomb plotters deny this community are a common enemy. They belong not to the realm of political difference, but to the jurisdiction of the police.

Solidarity?

WHEN the telephone operators of Boston asked their "brothers" in the A. F. of L. whether they ought to venture a strike against Burleson, they were kindly advised not to. "You're only girls, and he has an awful record." If we don't remember this and similar cases we may wonder why women workers should have to meet in convention separate from men workers. Whatever may be the attitude of the masculine and capitalist state, surely in the eyes of labor there should be neither men nor women but only workers, all helping each other in their fight.

Yet the National Convention of the Women's Trade Union League met last week in Philadelphia, and the A. F. of L. meets this week in Atlantic City, and their relations are summed up in the fact that the Women's Trade Union League had to pass a resolution urging the A. F. of L. to elect at least one woman to its executive councils.

For this state of affairs the women are not to blame. Although the A. F. of L. is squinting at the fact that the solidarity of labor means including the unskilled man, it appears to be guided solely by St. Paul in its policy toward even the skilled woman. If she must be taken into the meeting, well and good. Let her pay her dues and hold her tongue. The obvious consequence of such a policy has been the Women's Trade Union League. Its seventh biennial convention was the seventh proof of the League's success as the incubator and nurse and school and defender of women trade unionists,

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actual and potential, everywhere. Here delegate after delegate arose with reports of strikes won or bravely attempted; of organization carried on against the worst of obstacles, the inertia and ignorance of the workers themselves. Nor was the discussion conducted on the newspaper principle of "things of interest to women." Naturally the Convention recommended laws for the protection of women and children and planned for the organization of such neglected workers as domestic servants and housewives, but its pervading spirit was not one of the sex particularism, however justified,—it was the warm and daring spirit of striving for a finer relationship to life, not only for their own country but for the world.

This was the spirit behind the resolutions, and the simultaneous passage of the federal suffrage amendment should guarantee them greater attention than they might otherwise receive. The women who proposed them were some of them young, many of them elderly, but they almost unanimously adopted and discussed resolutions in favor of proportional representation, taxation of land values, cooperative societies and banks, government ownership of public utilities, free speech and political amnesty, a national labor party, the solidarity of all labor irrespective of skill, sex or nationality.

Not less characteristic were the resolutions of disapproval—disapproval of the absence of the Fourteen Points from the peace treaty, the blockade of Russia and Germany, the propaganda of hatred, the Kolchak government, military training in America.

The realization of the world's interdependence which these resolutions imply was projected also in the calling of an international conference of working women to be held in Washington, D. C., in October, a week before the first International Labor Congress meets at the call of the government of the United States. Why a week before? Why not at the same time and together with the International Labor Congress? For the reason that St. Paul has influenced not only the A. F. of L. but also the report of the international Labor Commission. The utmost efforts of British, French and American working women succeeded only in getting the articles amended to stipulate that "when questions specially affecting women are to be considered by the Conference one at least of the advisers should be a woman," and that "a certain number" of the staff of the International Labor Office should be women. Not satisfied even with these reckless concessions the unreasonable Americans, Mary Anderson of Chicago and Rose Schneidermann of New York, went to President Wilson to find out if he would appoint a woman as one of the two delegates to which each government is entitled at the coming Washington Conference, besides the representative of the employers and the representative of labor. They did indeed get the President's promise that when the time came for the appointments he would give "earnest and thoughtful consideration" to their request. It is they, nevertheless, who recommend the additional safeguard of a working women's conference a week before the International Labor Conference to give "impetus to the consideration of the questions affecting women." Who can blame them for their skepticism?

Republican Disunity

OFFICIALLY the Republican party kept aloof from the recent dispute in the Senate over the selection of committee chairmen. The progressive Senators had declared their opposition to Mr. Penrose and Mr. Warren. These men, they said, were too plainly reactionary to be serviceable as leaders in a day when social reform was a real matter for political action. They declared that if the Republicans were to make any pretence in the next election of being a party of progress, they must at least be rid of the leadership of Messrs. Penrose and Warren. But the Republican National Committee, though it will certainly declare in that election that its party is progressive, gave no aid to the opponents of the Old Guard. It did not choose to take sides. It preferred again to assume that there was no real division in Republican ranks that called for action.

The refusal to admit any genuine split between progressives and stand-patters has been the conventional attitude of the Republican party since the busy days of 1912. The men who control the party machinery have never admitted that the break at that time was due to anything more than a factional quarrel, plus the personal loyalty of many Republicans to Theodore Roosevelt. They have never admitted that the controversy involved a difference of social outlook, and that large numbers of the progressive members of the party broke away because they regarded the new organization as a better instrument of social progress.

Accordingly, when the progressives began returning to the Republican party, in 1916, they found that it was not their social outlook but their votes that interested the powers chiefly. Many a progressive knocked at the Republican door and announced that if the party would socialize its political programme he would come back inside and give its leaders his support. This ultimatum being met with stony silence, the progressive often announced that his conditions had been accepted;

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or, if of a more outspoken nature, he declared that he had personal reasons for believing that the outlook was encouraging—and that, after all, the best way of reforming a political party was to reform it from the inside. In this fashion many progressives returned to the fold.

While the managers of the Republican party have never openly faced the reality of the division within their ranks, they have constantly made admission of the fact in their tactics. Such an admission was made in the manner in which the presidential campaign of 1916 was run. Leaders of the party knew well enough that there was a real split in their membership on issues of social reconstruction. They knew that the sort of society in which Boies Penrose and Henry Cabot Lodge could bask was by no means a society at which Raymond Robins and Hiram Johnson were aiming. And because they could raise no genuine issue which would not alienate either Mr. Penrose and Mr. Lodge, or Mr. Robins and Mr. Johnson, the Republican managers raised no issue at all. They fought a negative campaign, based upon anti-Wilsonism. The individual members of the party were like the blind men who got their first conception of what an elephant was like by feeling it: the man who had grasped a leg compared the animal to a tree; another, feeling an ear, thought it a flat creature not unlike a fan; and a third, who had happened to catch the tail, was certain that the elephant and the snake had a great deal in common. So, in the case of the G. O. P. elephant, each blind man described the beast by considering that part of it which was nearest him. Even today some members of the party regard it as a promising instrument of social progress, and others think it the best protection against any sort of liberal poppycock.

Anti-Wilsonism was a fizzle as a campaign issue in 1916. It won, in 1918, perhaps with the assistance of certain issues coming from the war. But the fact that it won does not reunite the Republican party. It isn't possible to effect a real reunion on the basis of negative sympathies. For when the object of animosity disappears, as sooner or later it must, then there is nothing left as a binding force. The best chance for an agreement to have permanence is for it to be founded upon something positive.

The Republican party is today no nearer an agreement on positive issues than it was in 1912, or in 1916. The desire of the official party leaders not to intrude in the Senate controversy is only one indication of this fact. There is more proof of it, in the absence of genuinely relevant and controversial issues from any official party statement. Search the pronouncements of the National Committee to discover where the party stands on inheritance taxes, recognition of union labor, establishment of a minimum wage, intervention in Russia—and you will find that it believes in the protection of American industry and the sanctity of the home. The present directors of the party are long on generalities, but shaky on any issue that is both definite and controversial. On such issues they are aware of the sharp division inside their own organization. And so great is their hope for a return to power that they hesitate to raise questions troublesome to any member of the party.

But the Republican party will not advance by making its major objective a desire to antagonize no one. If it seeks to regain a position from which it can contribute more positively to American politics it must reconcile itself to antagonizing a great many people. There are issues at hand that offer a clear cleavage between progress and reaction. The Republicans have often asserted a superior administrative ability: they have opportunity, now, for the establishment of an effective budget system of appropriations. They have declared themselves more skilled in the intricacies of foreign policy: Russia offers them a chance to apply their superior good sense. They have claimed as their own the tradition of Lincoln: American industrialism is waiting for the statesmanship that Lincoln might have brought to it. Many issues hold out an invitation. There is place for Republicanism as a party of progress, or as a party of reaction. But there is no place for it as a party of eternal compromise—no place other than the one it now occupies.

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To Save Capitalism

MR. VANDERLIP must have anticipated the characteristic response that his analysis of European economic conditions has elicited. "Matters are never quite so desperate as they seem." "It is always darkest before the dawn." "There is an incalculable resilience and recuperative power in the peoples: witness Europe's recovery after the Thirty Years' War and after the wars of the French Revolution, witness the recovery of our own South after the Civil War." Mr. Vanderlip might retort that it took a full hundred years to restore Germany after the Thirty Years' War and that the scars of the French wars are still visible, notably in the Vendée; that the South remained prostrate for a decade and enfeebled for a generation. He might expatiate upon the distinction he has indicated between a war that overwhelms one state or two and a war that exhausts a whole system of great Powers. He might further dwell upon the fact that a war which raises up a widely expressed challenge to organized society is analogous not to the political wars of the French revolutionary period nor even to the religious wars of early modern times, but to the barbarian incursions under which Roman civilization perished or the Islamic invasions that put an end to the civilization of Byzantium. The theory of spontaneous recuperation holds only for wars that leave unshaken the economic foundations of the vanquished as well as the victorious state. The economic foundations of present day Europe are crisscrossed with ugly cracks. That is the meaning of Bolshevism.

Perhaps Mr. Vanderlip's colors are too dark; perhaps they are not dark enough. Admittedly the problem of Europe is extremely grave. It is a problem that transcends national boundaries, involving the interests of all those who benefit from the system of private property. We may waive the question whether the beneficiaries of that system do not include along with those who live by the returns from property, a majority also of those who live by wages. The propertied classes are the immediate and conscious beneficiaries and it is to these that Mr. Vanderlip addresses his argument. Men of property of all lands, unite. Divided, you may fall, and you have a world to lose.

That is not a new exhortation. For a hundred years there have been spokesmen of the propertied classes who have proclaimed the necessity of presenting an impenetrable front of lowered heads to the menace of strange doctrines. Half conscious organization for the purposes of panic and persecution is making great headway in America today. What is novel about Mr. Vanderlip's proposals is that they invoke reason instead of sentiment, that they substitute statecraft for exorcism and heresy hunting. Strange doctrines, Mr. Vanderlip knows, do not produce a revolution. They generate no new flame, although they may fan to dangerous conflagration embers smouldering in the inflammable stuff of economic and social disintegration. Fire prevention, we are beginning to learn, is a far more important business than that of extinguishing fires that need never have started. We all agree to this, without prejudice to the valiant work of our professional firemen. The principle is all the more applicable in the field of social movements because a fire once started there can never be absolutely extinguished. We talk glibly about stamping out Bolshevism. Does anybody in the world really think it can be done? Bolshevism will become dormant when it can find no proper fuel.

Europe is packed with fuel for Bolshevism. There is not one of the nations recently at war that is in a position to resume economic life on the prewar footing. Mr. Vanderlip's critics have pointed to industrial revival at one point or another, but this does not shake the force of his argument. What is requisite is to supply and employ not a greater or less percentage of the workmen of Europe, but all of them. It will not do to wait for "time's healing hand"; time's hand heals uninfected wounds, but the wounds of Europe are blue with social discontent. A radical surgery is imperative, and that is what Mr. Vanderlip proposes. Cut away the old national rivalries and let the industrial and financial power of the unimpaired nations assume in effect the employing function of the nations shattered by war. Primarily the obligation rests upon the United States, whose present industrial and financial power is practically equivalent to that of all Europe at peace.

The cotton manufacturers of France need materials. It is our duty, in Mr. Vanderlip's view, to furnish the materials, on credit. The cotton manufacturers also need funds to pay wages. It is our duty to supply the funds by drafts upon our exports to France, largely food stuffs on which much of the wages will be spent. There is a hungry market for manufactured cottons in practically every part of Europe, but nothing as yet with which to pay for goods. Let the merchants have the goods in exchange for their notes, and in their turn sell them on credit to the retailers, to be sold on credit, so far as is necessary, to the ultimate consumer. Thus

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will one cycle of production be completed; a succeeding cycle will begin when we provide the manufacturer with fresh supplies of material and fresh credits for the payment of wages. Imagine the same process going on in the woolen, silk, pottery, iron and other industries, modified only in so far as may be necessary to finance imports of materials from other countries than the United States, or to finance the production of home supplies of materials. The immediate problem of employment in France would be solved. And in the process of solution American credit, or what is the same thing, the value of American materials, would infiltrate the whole economic structure of France. The infiltration would steadily become more intensive until French industry, restored to a normal footing, began to export goods in volume exceeding its imports. Then American credit would gradually be expelled as the old time thrift of the French people reasserted itself.

In thus attacking the problem of French economic reconstruction we should be helping to reconstruct Belgium, which before the war sold to France goods worth more than $100,000,000 annually. We should also be helping to reconstruct the industries of Britain, which sold to France over $200,000,000 and those of Germany, which also sold over $200,000,000. By extending credit in a similar way to the United Kingdom, Italy, Belgium, Germany and the states carved out of the former Dual Empire we should restore to France markets that before the war took more than $700,000,000 worth of French goods.

Production and employment in the countries of Europe can be promptly rehabilitated only through the restoration of machinery and material supplies and the restoration of markets, both domestic and foreign. This restoration can be effected through the bold extension of American credits not only to one country like France but to that country's prospective customers as well. The problem is essentially one of pure economics. There is nothing complicated in it. No political action is presupposed or desired, except the maintenance of public order and the abstention from excessively restrictive commercial policies. What makes it appear bewildering is its magnitude. The volume of American exports that would be balanced by nothing but credits would for many years compare favorably with our war exports, which were likewise balanced only by credits, in that case government credits.

Such a stupendous transaction involves risks. What if the foci of economic heresy should nevertheless spread? American interests would inevitably be affected, since American interests would be omnipresent. Well, grant the risk. Do not the propertied interests of America consider the property system of Europe as worth taking a risk on?

Mr. Vanderlip's views are obviously derived in part from his experience in banking under our former system. Each banker for himself was the rule in ordinary times. Some bankers played a cautious game and some were reckless; if the reckless bankers failed the cautious drew moral lessons and raked in the business. But in time of crisis the bankers, cautious and reckless alike, had to stand shoulder to shoulder. When one bank went down the shock endangered others. What is more, the bankers as a group had to make the fate of other business men their own special concern. They could not permit merchants and manufacturers to crash down like trees in a hurricane. They had to extend loans, even though not too well pleased with the security. And the most cautious acted most freely in extending loans, under the rule of the general public interest.

Mr. Vanderlip is now demanding that American finance and industry assume the role of the cautious banker and trade for a while in the general, not the particular, interest. If Germany, Italy and England should go to the Bolsheviki, our own prospects of disorder would be, to say the least, disturbing. The argument for solidarity is irresistible. But Mr. Vanderlip does not stop with his proposals of solidarity to meet the present crisis. To weather that crisis is the first task of financial statesmanship, but there is a bigger task to be undertaken. That is to mend a system that in time of crisis proves so frightfully unstable.

It is not enough to restore Europe to its pre-war condition. That was a condition of widespread industrial unrest. The workers of Germany were so dangerously discontented that many employers welcomed the war, thinking that it would postpone the troubles at home. In Italy and France radicalism was growing prodigiously, and England was at the brink of a terrific industrial conflict. Capitalism in its pre-war phase was living beyond its means. Mr. Vanderlip says that, "English industry made a red ink overdraft on the future by underpaying labor so that it did not receive enough to live efficiently." But if the British industrial population is decaying under capitalistic exploitation, that is even more decidedly the case with the industrial populations of the Continent where wages are lower and the hours of labor longer. It may be urged that wages are nowhere so low as they were a half century earlier, when there was little unrest. That is beside the point. Wages are inadequate to maintain efficiently the kind of laborer we require today.

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How this deep seated evil of labor exploitation is to be remedied Mr. Vanderlip does not say. The socialists assert that no remedy is possible under the capitalistic system. That system, they declare, lives by the profits it sweats out of the subsistence of labor. But this is to overlook the fact that profits are highest and most certain in those industries and in those countries where labor is best paid. How labor lives and what profits capital earns depend upon the efficiency of the productive process, and that efficiency, in turn, depends largely upon the vigor and hopefulness of labor, or in economic terms, upon wages and other conditions of employment.

If capitalism is to become again a stable, going concern it will have to recognize that the profits of an industry alone are no inadequate test of fundamental solvency. An industry which pays living wages and makes profits besides is an asset to the system; an industry which makes profits but pays wages that involve degradation and deterioration of labor is a liability. What capitalism must have if it is to survive is a new solidarity of the propertied classes behind those employers who are honestly striving to meet their class obligation to labor. Let the sweating employer be anathema, as a traitor to the interests of his class. Let the banker scrutinize loans to such an employer as he would loans to a gambling house or a brothel. And when the employees of the sweater go out on strike, let the chambers of commerce and citizens' unions vote large contributions to the strike chest.

That sounds Utopian? As in the past, employers will stand together, like Montrose wi' Montrose? There is something fine and touching, indeed, in the way all the employers of a city rally to the defense of the sweating employer, although they would not for anything emulate his ways. There is something fine and touching in the way a Himalayan tribe takes a leprous member to its bosom. Fine and touching, but in the end fatal to the tribe.

It is time for those who believe in the system of private property, who wish to see it survive, to recognize that it will not live on by virtue of written constitutions or laws, by virtue of the activity of police and constabulary, militia and standing army, or even by virtue of traditional economic principle and the law of inertia. That system will live so long as it does its job; when it fails hopelessly in this it will perish. The job that any controlling system must execute satisfactorily is the provision of a wholesome and hopeful existence for the masses who constitute the major part of the personal forces of society. This the system of private property can do if it will create for itself a new solidarity and a new statecraft. But time presses.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Standards

SOME people in England are beginning to realize that while we have been "saving civilization," first from Germans, and then from Bolsheviks, we have come near losing it ourselves. This disquieting truth has been borne in on them by various signs and portents, not least by the utter collapse of taste. At life's feast we are like people with colds in their heads; we have lost all power of discrimination. As ever, "Dido Queen of Carthage," and better things than that, are caviare to the general: what is new, and worse, to our most delicate epicures bloater paste is now caviare.

At a London dinner-party even a peeress, even an American lady who has married a peer, dare not commit herself to an adverse literary judgment —except in the case of notoriously disaffected writers—for the very good reason that she does not know where to go for a literary judgment that shall be above reproach. We have as little confidence in our critics as in our ministers. Indeed, since all our officers and most of our privates took to publishing pages of verse or, at any rate, of prose that looks odd enough to be verse, the habit of criticism has been voted unpatriotic. To grudge a man in the trenches a column of praise loud enough to drown for a moment the noise of battle would have seemed ungrateful and, what is worse, fastidious. Our critics were neither; they did their bit: and no one was surprised to hear the stuff with which schoolboys line their lockers described as "one of the truest, deepest and most moving notes that have been struck since the days of Elizabeth."

This sort of thing was encouraging at the time, and kept our lads in good heart; but, in the long run, it has proved demoralizing to our critics as well as their clients. For, now that the war is over, those who so loyally proclaimed that any bugle-boy was a better musician than any fiddler find themselves incapable of distinguishing, not only between fiddlers, but even between buglers. Perhaps it was natural that when, during the war, T. S. Eliot, about the best of our young poets—if ours I may call him—published Prufrock, no English paper, so far as I know, should have given him more than a few words of perfunctory encouragement: natural that when Virginia Woolf, the best of our younger novelists, and Middleton Murry published works of curious imagination and surprising subtlety, critics, worn in the service of Mr. Bennett of the Propaganda Office and our Mr. Wells, should not have noticed that here were a couple of artists: but is it not as strange as sad that our patriot geese, time out of mind a nation's oracles, should still be unable to tell us whether Lieutenant Brooke, Captain Nicholls, Major Grenfell or Lieut.-Col. Mau-

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rice Baring is the greatest poet of this age?

And in painting and music things are no better. Even our old prejudices are gone. All is welcome now, except real art; and even that gets splashed in the wild outpour of adulation. To admire everything is, perhaps, a more amiable kind of silliness than to admire nothing: it is silliness all the same. Also, it has brought taste to such a pass that, except the Russian ballet, there was not last winter in London one entertainment at which a person of reasonable intelligence could bear to spend an hour. As for the ballet, it was a music-hall turn, lasting fifteen minutes, which the public seemed to like rather better than the performing dogs and distinctly less than the ventriloquist. The public accepted it because it accepts whatever is provided. Nevertheless, the subtler of our music-hall comedians have obviously been ordered to coarsen their methods or clear out, and the rare jokes that used to relieve the merry misery of our revues and plays are now dispensed with as superfluous.

The war is not entirely to blame: the disease was on us long before 1914. War, however, created an atmosphere in which it was bound to prevail. Active service conditions are notoriously unfavorable to the critical spirit. The army canteen need not tempt its customers: neither need the ordinary shop under a rationing-system: and, it must be confessed, the habit of catering for colonial soldiers has not tended to make our public entertainments more subtle or amusing. But the disease of which taste is sick unto death has been on us these fifty years. It is the emporium-malady. We are the slaves of the trade-mark. Our tastes are imposed on us by our tradesmen, under which respectable title I include newspaper owners, book-sellers' touts, book-stall keepers, music-hall kings, opera syndicates, picture-dealers and honest bagmen.

As for the tradesman, he is no longer an expert any more than the critic or the impressario is. No longer a merchant, no longer a shop-keeper even, he is today a universal provider. Fifty years ago the nice housewife still prided herself on knowing the right place for everything. There was a little man in a back street who imported just the coffee she wanted, another who blended tea to perfection, a third who could smoke a ham as a ham should be smoked. All have vanished now; and the housewife betakes herself to the stores. We no longer insist on getting what we like, we like what we get. The March Hare's paradox has ceased to be paradoxical. For five years Europe has been doing what it was told to do; for five years our experts have subjected their critical sense to a sense of patriotism and a desire to keep in with the majority; at last the producers, themselves, have lost their sense of values and can no longer test the quality of their own productions. There are no standards.

Let no one imagine that standards are like police-regulations, things that can be imposed by authority. Standards exist in the mind, where they grow out of that personal sense of values which is one of the twin pillars on which civilization rests. All that authority can do is to stimulate and sharpen that sense by subtle education and absolute sincerity. The critic can put good things in another man's way and present them in a sympathetic light; also he can resolutely refuse ever to pretend that he likes what he does not like. Standards are imposed from above in the sense that people who have the ability and leisure to cultivate their sense of values will, if they take advantage of their opportunities, inevitably influence those less favorably placed. In the fine arts, certainly, taste is bound to be very much directed by people blest with peculiar gifts and armed with special equipment. But, besides taste in the fine arts, there is such a thing as taste in life, a power of discerning and choosing for one's self in life's minor matters; and on this taste in life, this sense of the smaller values, is apt to flourish that subtler and more precious aesthetic sense. Without this taste no civilization can exist; for want of it European civilization is seemingly about to perish.

Take the thing at its lowest. A rich, good-humored fellow, replete with a fabulously expensive, but distressingly ill-chosen dinner in a magnificently ill-furnished and over-lit restaurant, excited by Saumur (recommended as "Perrier Jouet, 1911") and a great deal of poor conversation drowned, for the most part, by even noisier music, may be heard to say, as he permits the slovenly waiter to choose him the most expensive cigar—"That will do, sonny, the best's good enough for me." The best is not good enough for one who has standards. The modern Englishman seems to have none. To go to the most expensive shop and buy the dearest thing there is his notion of getting the best. You may dine at any of the half-dozen "smartest" restaurants in London, pay a couple of pounds for your meal, and be sure that a French commercial traveller, bred to the old standards of the provincial ordinary, would have sent for the cook and given him a scolding. It is not to be supposed that the most expensive English restaurants fail to engage the most expensive French chefs; they are engaged, but they soon fall below the mark because there is no one to keep them up to it. The clients have no standards. Go to the opera and look at the fine ladies' frocks: they might have come out of an antimacassar factory. They express no sense of what is personally becoming nor a sense of insolent luxury even: they bear witness to an utter lack of standards, and they cost a great deal

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of money. The best is good enough for these fine ladies, and their best is the dressmaker's most expensive.

This is no mere question of fashions and conventions. If standards go, civilization goes. To hear people talk you might suppose there had never been such things as dark ages. Not only have there been dark ages, there has been an unmeasured tract of pre-historic savagery, and sharp eyes—notably those of Louis Weber—are beginning to detect certain similarities between this age and that. The peculiarity of the historic age, man's brilliant age, the age of civilization, is the conservatism of its technique and its spiritual restlessness. In the prehistoric age man's best energies were apparently devoted to perfecting the means to material existence. Improving the instrument was the grand preoccupation. From the old stone age to the new, from that to bronze and from bronze to iron is the story of prehistoric development. Then follow some forty centuries during which man rests content with his instrument. Between the Minoan age and the Industrial Revolution his technical discoveries are insignificant by comparison with his spiritual adventures. Content with the plough, the waggon and the loom, man turns the sharp edge of his mind to things of the mind, considers himself in all his relations, thinks, feels, states, expresses, concerns himself with spiritual rather than material problems. With the Industrial Revolution begins the third act. Again human intelligence and ingenuity concentrate on the prehistoric problem—the perfecting of the instrument. For a hundred years Europe marches merrily back towards barbarism. Then, at the very moment when she is becoming alarmed and self-critical, at the very moment when she is wondering how she is to reconcile her new material ambitions with the renascent claims of the spirit, comes a war that relegates to the dust-bin or the jail all that is not of immediate practical utility. The smoke of battle drifts slowly away and reveals a situation almost hopeless. We have lost our standards, our taste in life: we have lost the very thing by which we recognized that there were such things as spiritual values.

In one of his early essays Renan points out that the proper apology for the old French aristocracy is that it performed the proper function of a leisured class. It maintained standards. Unlike the English, it concerned itself neither with politics nor with money-making, nor yet with local affairs: it stood apart, "formant dans la nation une classe qui n'avait d'autre souci que les choses liberales." Renan recognized that a leisured class is the source of civilization; whether he also recognized that there is no earthly reason why a leisured class should be the ruling class is not clear. In Europe we have now no leisured class; we have only a number of rich men, mere wealth-producers, who perform for high wages the useful function that miners and milkmaids perform for low. Our leisured class, moribund before the war, died peacefully in its sleep the year before last. There is no class on this side the Atlantic to insist on quality now. But, if, as I am told, we all owe money to America has not America acquired, along with her financial supremacy, certain moral obligations? Has she not become the leisured class of the world, and, as such, responsible to civilization for the maintenance of those standards without which civilization falls? If so, it is for America to insist in the fine arts on some measure of talent and intelligence, in society on decent manners, in life on a critical attitude: it is for her to reaffirm those standards of excellence below which neither art nor thought nor manners nor merchandise shall be suffered to fall: for her to teach us once again to be fastidious, to embolden us to say to a poet, a painter, a politician, a newspaper proprietor, or even to a maître d'hotel—"This is not good enough."

CLIVE BELL.

The Immigrant's Burden

THE mere fact that our relationship to the newer peoples in our midst has come to such a pass that we speak of it as a Problem (just like that, with a capital) is, I take it, a tacit admission that there has been failure in our past dealings. That is the plain definition of the word. The existence of neighbors is an ordinary and, on the whole, an acceptable phenomenon. It is not the rule to worry about them greatly, any more than it is normal to worry about one's own feet. It is only when the shoe pinches that feet become a problem; and then the employment of the term is a scientific way of proclaiming that one's relations to them have not been quite what they might have.

How has it come that we are at this late date, after a century of immigration, faced with a very grave Americanization Question? For there is, as a matter of fact, a problem of internal accommodation in America vastly sorer and touchier than the fashionable phrase gives any hint of. It is idle for immigrants—who, of all people, should know better—to dismiss the whole recent fury of discussion and activity as a gratuitous improvization for the exercise of busybodies thrown out of employment by the truce in Europe. And it is flippant and disingenuous for Americans to answer that there would not have been any problem if there had been no immigrants.

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The answer, to put it plainly, is that we have been unneighborly at the start and undemocratic at the finish. We began to set up a festering condition by indifferently disregarding our own tradition and the obligations it imposed on us, and we ended by breaking faith with ourselves altogether as a step toward curing what we could no longer endure. First we coddled ourselves into a comfortable belief that the foreigner would somehow have to make the most of what we offered him, since he was of no use to us while we were indispensable to him; and then, when we found that he was shaping his life in accordance with his own alien specifications and utterly ignoring those we had outlined and had told him nothing about, we grew alarmed and went and informed him, in no mincing terms, that in a democracy the unregenerate must do as they are told by their elders and betters.

Had we been at least well informed about ourselves we should have known that one of the reasons why immigrants flocked to our shores was because we could not go on civilizing a continent single-handed. The country of our first origin had never been large; her human resources were limited; she was creating huge empires in every corner of the earth; and ever since our well known family wrangle she had preferred to pour her none too numerous issue into more submissive laps. From the moment it became necessary for us to throw our gates wide open to all comers America had ceased to be the private estate of a single people to expand into a colony of the world where the entire race of Europe (always feeling as one community, but cursed with ancient and meaningless dissensions) might make a new start. We could have found this out by merely trying out our faith when the test came. But it so happened that we had in the meantime grown fat and prosperous, and had (as a corollary to our young respectability) developed a rare case of the dominant race complex. Therefore the footsore newcomers who had been spurred on their way by the vision of a new hope arrived to discover that the ghost of the Old World had not been laid in mid-ocean; while we, seeing them come, coldly and disdainfully gathered our skirts about us and moved up-town, to complain forever after from our front porches of the noisome foreign colonies that kept forming in our back-yards.

We disapproved of the foreign colony. Well, that was a symptom of returning health at any rate. No one ever had approved of it. The newcomer certainly did not. The foreign colony was not especially conceited about itself. It had been born of necessity and was being kept alive by neglect. It was a stage in transition, and it never ceased looking forward to its own happy dissolution. There had never been an immigrant, in the old days, who did not pray for the day when he should be taken up into the general stream of American life. So it was good to hear that the veterans had at last made up their minds to join hands with the rookies and were going to do something about it. Thereupon, we proceeded to withdraw behind bolted doors and to resolve in caucus that the existing state of things was unwholesome and dangerous, and that it must at all costs be changed. We omitted to inquire what precisely the state of things was, or how it had been brought about, or by whom. We did not take the pains to learn the temper of the human masses with whom we were presumably to work toward the better future. With our incorrigible lack of interest in Old World affairs, we asked nothing about the immigrant's past or his problems or his aspirations, and listened to nothing, and found out nothing. To cap the climax we adjourned to our posts and initiated operations without deciding what the altered state of things, assuming that we could get it, was to be.

But we did do something. We issued a proclamation about Americanism and invited our fellow-citizens-to-be, on pain of deportation, to subscribe to it one hundred per cent. The foreign colonies heard it, charitably passed over the promised penalties, and congratulated one another. Americanism was what they had been waiting to hear all these years. It was for Americanism they had made the weary pilgrimage at such tragic cost. They thought of Jefferson and the Declaration and the Bill of Rights—of the whole Revolutionary tradition—and of Lincoln's "all the people"; and gleefully declared that the United States was once again going democratic. A hundred per cent was, to be sure, a bit sudden and intransigeant; but that was to be attributed to the high enthusiasms of war-time, and need not, as it could not, be taken literally.

In due time the smoke cleared, and the immigrant congratulations grew thinner and rarer. It became increasingly evident that even if the shell was the same, the creature that peeped out of it was new. We went about talking of Americanism very much in the way that the Marquis of Lansdowne talked of civilization, meaning our own private brand of the thing. The refugee from the Old World rubbed his eyes and perceived that a curiously familiar trick of history had repeated itself. A parvenu industrial middle class, with a stake in the game, had appropriated the national inheritance and branded it with its own seal. With his characteristic blend of hard sense and sentimentalism, the new patrician sailed forth among the imported plebs to urge it to adopt his grammar and

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his bathtubs, his soap and his patriotism. Jefferson and Lincoln had shrunk into Mr. Easley and the honorable James M. Beck. The glory of the Fathers had become desiccated into the American Defense Society. Clearly this was not the old American tradition; it was the new traditional Americanism. Consequently, the heart-sick European who had set out in search of Atlantis on the strength of her glad promise to liquidate the old barriers of Europe with their hatreds and disasters, told himself that if it must be a repetition of exclusive, monopolistic nationalism, why then he still had his own somewhere in his bag, which at least had the virtue of having come to him with his mother's milk and of being something he could understand. He had traveled to America because he had been told that in America he could be himself without offense to his neighbors and without coercion from them. He had not fled from one Austria to hunt up another, just for the pleasure of the voyage. So the foreign colonies which had prepared to capitulate to an ally, so as to lend a hand in the building of the new order, hastily threw up barricades in self-defense until such time as their forces could withdraw to old bases. They are at this moment retiring in battalions; while we, scandalized at their ingratitude and injured in our feelings, are at a loss to decide whether we ought to restrict immigration or emigration. Meantime the democracy of the Old World, having got word of the counter-revolution in the New, resolved that the cure for the European evil lay, not in wholesale desertion overseas, but in manfully grappling with it and demolishing it at home. Wrecking operations are merrily on, with a million of our boys watchfully waiting for emergencies.

If we have mishandled matters, our failure was only proportionate to our task. For the job we had on our hands was as overwhelming and unprecedented as our opportunity. We may take what comfort we can in that thought, and in remembering that the future is long and forgiving. Surely no country—or at least, no democracy—has been put to it as we have. It was easy enough for Austria, but Austria had no reputation to live up to. We had. Our aims had to be different, if for no other reason than because of what folks thought of us. We could not go in for repression and domination, even if we had wanted to. Besides, our aims really were high. In our own bungling way we genuinely meant to raise these new people to our level, so that they might buy stock in the concern later on. Hence our approach and our methodology were bound to be different.

But it was precisely in our procedure that we fell down and betrayed ourselves. Americanization, which ought to mean a reintegration of mankind in this hemisphere with an open mind toward the future, became through our impatience and our ineptitude a thing to frighten children with. The very word acquired such a disreputable and un-American ring that the immigrant who had the necessary lack of self-respect to submit to the process was, by that act alone, displaying the poor stuff that was in him and demonstrating his undesirability as a partner in America. For the process, in very truth, was a congeries of screaming inconsistencies and irksome caprices. We demanded a complete break with the ties and devotions of the past as an earnest and a test of loyalty to the present. We played the civil host by insisting on extravagant expressions of gratitude for our hospitality, and were irritated when the gratitude (at best a churl's virtue) was not forthcoming. We never ceased reminding our guests of the gifts we were bestowing, and regularly forgot to acknowledge the privilege of their presence. In the morning, if it was our whim, we threatened to outlaw their speech and their memories, and the next afternoon, if it suited our ends, we coaxed them to deck themselves out in their outlandish garb, to sing hymns to us in their quaint dialect, and to entertain us with their astonishing reminiscences. By way of returning the courtesy we proudly invited them to inspect our ancient crest and our noble family tree and the portraits of our heroic ancestors, and while they did so we turned our backs and let our menials bully and despoil them.

All of which might conceivably have been but a trifling lapse in etiquette if these people had been ordinary guests. But, alas! they were not ordinary guests. They were not even ordinary paying guests. They were strangers whom we knew to be prospective settlers in our midst, whom we urgently needed as neighbors and fellow-workers, whom we honestly expected to become the sharers of our responsibilities and our fortunes, of our common duties and our intimate hopes, of our traditions and our destiny. And it was these people whom we sought to train to know their place as inferiors in order that they might in the near future become fit to be our equals.

The immediate problem, then, as I see it, is the reestablishment of an atmosphere of mutual confidence and good-feeling between Americans by inheritance and Americans by choice. It will be, I have no doubt, a hard row to hoe at this hour of the day, but it will have to be done if anything more ambitious is to be undertaken in the future. What immigrant and native may do for one another, and what both together may do for America, will be the theme of my concluding article.

M. E. RAVAGE.

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A Limb of the Law

"LOOK here," said the policeman, tapping me on the chest, "Mrs. Trotsky used to live up here above on Simpson Avenue, in three rooms. And then see what happens—she turns up in Stockholm with two million roubles.

"Oh, I don't blame her. But ain't we all human—Socialists, Democrats, Republicans? All we need is a chance.

"I admit, Socialism has beautiful ideas. But are they practical? That's what I ask. Now, pardon me, just a minute! Just one minute, please! Socialism is a fine theory but look at Emma Goldman. That woman has had seven lovers. Free love. Yes, many a time I've heard them, preaching the children belonged to the state. Here's their argument, see, they say that a man and a woman wants to get married but the man figures, have I enough to support her?, and the woman figures, how much has he got?, and the only thing for them to do in that case is to turn the children over to the state. Now, I ask you, is that human?

"You say, a lot of these women in limousines practice free love without preaching it. Oh, I don't deny it. And, look't here, I'm surprised there isn't more bombs at that. Right here on the Avenue you see the cars in one long procession all day, like everyone was a millionaire, and three blocks over you see people who haven't the means of livelihood, without a shirt to their backs. I'm a public officer, as you might say, and maybe it sounds queer what I'm going to say, but I'm afraid to have my own children on the steps of the apartment house. I takes the night-stick to them and I says, beat it out of here, don't let the landlord see you, or he'll raise the rent again.

"You said it, something's rotten somewhere. What do you think of the government holding back all that meat, just because the packers want it fixed that way, and plenty of people on the Lower East Side there willing to buy it all up—and at good prices too. But, no, it has to be held back to suit the packers. And then they lower the price a little. Because why? The government lets them have all that meat for what they like.

"It's the same way with the ice. Did you see what they done? The mayor gets them all together, to prevent them boosting the price on it, and it's fixed they can't raise the price this summer to more than five fifty a ton. They wait two days at the old price, and then they put it at five fifty. Two days they wait, that's all.

"Of course this is the best government in the world. I'll tell you what proves it—all these foreigners coming over here. Look at that soda-fountain man there. You heard him talk up for the Bolsheviki, didn't you? Well, he hasn't much gray matter in here, but just the same that fellow makes as much in three months as I get for a whole lousy year. Three months, and he hasn't been here ten years. And my people been here two hundred. But these immigrants come over ignorant and uneducated, and only down in Kentucky and Tennessee are our people not able to read and write. I hear down there they are regular tribes, fighting each other and all that. Of course that soda-fountain man, he couldn't associate with lots of the people I go with. If he walked in, they'd look at him as much as to say, 'Who have we here?'. But he rolls up the coin just the same.

"But the trouble with the Russian people, I'll tell you. Why, eighty per cent of them can't read or write. Now I'll tell you what it's like. It's like this: the Russian people is like a dog was tied up in the back-yard, see, and then he was let loose and he run wild with joy all over the place, and then it depended who was the first to whistle to him, whee-whee, and Lenin and Trotsky they whistled, whee-whee, and the Russian people came right to them.

"Of course I don't think it'll work. They want to do away with money over there. You know, you want to buy a shoeshine and you give a man a head of cabbage. That's impractical. And then again the government can't own everything. It's all right for public utilities, but you take and try to control everything and what'll happen? It can't be done. What I say is, let a man earn a million or so, and then say to him, anything over and above that million we take away, see. And when he has his million he doesn't go on trying to monopolize everything. But now you have all these uneducated people around here, and the more money they earn the worse they are.

"I'll tell you. Right across the hall from where my wife and me live there's a lovely woman, a Jewess, one of the nicest people you could want to meet, and I'm in her house and she's in mine all the time, until her husband comes home. But he's one of that kind, you know! The other night he comes home with three friends and he says to me, 'Say, Charlie, come on down to Long Island with us in the car for a week. I'll pay all your expenses!'. 'You will, eh', I says. 'Now, I'll tell you something. That sort of thing don't go with me. In the first place, you know I can't get leave to be away from the police department for a week; in the second place, you know I can't leave my wife here; in the third place, you know damn well I can't afford to go with you. I know your kind! You have your three friends here and you want them to see what a great guy you are. Well, I'll tell you what you are', and I told him. Now he'll

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be the same if he has a million. And I'll tell you another kind that hasn't respectability. No, I mean decency. She was a big fat woman and her baby was crying here the other day, and she opened her dress right there and leaned down to feed the child. You know, just like that statue, I forget the name. And all the little boys rubbering around. That's the class of people you have to contend with around here in this place, with the air full of fish guts they throw out of the windows, and everything.

"But the German ones are different. Not that I want to praise the Germans or the like of that, but they're self-respectful, you know. It's the lack of education with them others—those others.

"But you put the Socialists in power and what difference will it make? I'm—I'm not against Socialism, I want you to understand. But there's human nature!" F. H.

The Poetry of Walt Whitman

SOMEWHERE in the beginning of our histories of Philosophy is the name of the thinker who first announced that the World was a Becoming. That intuition was left to the philosophers until Walt Whitman arrived. And with Whitman the Becoming seems not only to be realized, but to be participated in. All is urge in his poetry. His rhythms flow and break like waves. His stanzas have not the measure that belongs to the poets of a world that is established—poets like Dante and Spenser, for instance—but the balances that are seen in nature—one living member balancing another living member, as in a branching tree.

His verse not merely departs from traditional forms. It creates a new and special norm. It is special in as much as it exists only for Whitman's purpose, but it is a norm—that is to say, any departures from it can be perceived. Take, for instance, such a poem as his Ox Tamer. Here two norms are tied together, and the result gives one the impression, rarely derived from Whitman's poetry, of metrical impotence. In its opening the poem has the effect of regular hexametres:

In a faraway northern county, in the placid, pastoral region,
Lives my farmer friend, the theme of my recitative, a famous Tamer of Oxen:
There they bring him the three-year-olds and the four-year-olds, to break them;
He will take the wildest steer in the world, and break him and tame him.

But then it goes on:—

See you! on the farms hereabout, a hundred oxen, young and old—and he is the man who has tamed them;
They all know him—all are affectionate to him;
See you! some are beautiful animals—so lofty looking!

This is of another norm, and it may be said of The Ox Tamer what cannot be said of any other of Whitman's poems: that the form is arbitrary.

Hardly any poet has revised his original texts more than Whitman has. And it can be perceived that all his revision has the effect of making his lines conform to his verse-norm. "Flood-tide of the river, flow on! I watch you face to face," is the opening he once had for Crossing Brooklyn Ferry. If one substitutes this line for the line that opens the poem now, one can see that the norm is disturbed:

Flood-tide below me! I watch you face to face;
Clouds of the west! sun there half an hour high! I see you also face to face.
Crowds of men and women attired in the usual costumes! how curious you are to me!
On the ferry-boats, the hundreds and hundreds that cross, returning home, are more curious to me than you suppose;
And you that shall cross from shore to shore years hence, are more to me, and more in my meditations, than you might suppose.

Whitman is a master of language as well as a master of his special verse-form. His is one of the greatest vocabularies of any poet who has written in English. What an array of words is in his volume! squatter's words; hobo's words; drummer's words; foreign phrases; words out of scientific and philosophic texts, with all the words of literary and journalistic English. And he uses all these words with such precision and vigor that he stamps them anew. He gloried in the great language that he had mastered, and a passage that he wrote in As I Sat Alone by Blue Ontario's Shore, and afterwards deleted, might stand as an apostrophe to his own medium:

Wonderful is language!
Wondrous is the English language, language of live men,
Language of ensemble, powerful language of resistance,
Language of a proud and melancholy stock, and of all who aspire,
Language of growth, faith, self-esteem, rudeness, justice, friendliness, prudence, decision, exactitude, courage,
Language to well-nigh express the unexpressible,
Language for the modern, language for America.

So much for his form and so much for his language. The whole of his work has an epic multiplicity and an epic majesty. Because he has cre-

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ated an epic in our time poets and critics have hailed him as the foremost modern poet.

In the epics of the old world there is, first of all, a people ("great men, an heroic landscape, and one of the rarest phenomena in the world, the incomparable naïveté of the strong heart; further still I find a people," Nietzsche says, speaking of a sacred epic, the Old Testament). In Whitman's epic we do not find a people. He shows us America, but it is America in a vista, and it is filled not with people, but with processions. The scope of this epic is not the fate of a people, but the life of a man—of a man whose soul, like the typical American whom he projects, has two hemispheres —"one of Love, the other of Dilation or Pride." Man in his assertiveness and his amativeness; man in his day of action; man turning from life to death —these are the episodes in the epic that is called Leaves of Grass. The test of fine poetry is: Can we live with it? The test of great poetry is: Can we live by it? The poetry that is in this epic meets the last test:

Dazzling and tremendous, how quick the sunrise would kill me
If I could not now and always send sunrise out of me.
We also ascend, dazzling and tremendous as the sun;
We found our own, O my soul, in the calm and cool of the daybreak.

Is there not in this religion and heroism, and that summons to surpass ourselves that is as necessary as the morning fire?

Whitman is a rhapsodist with vision and inspiration, and, added to that, a poet with the clearest and most touching of songs. The bulk of the Leaves is by Whitman the rhapsodist. And how compelling his rhapsodies are:

I speak the pass-word primeval—I give the sign of democracy;
By God! I will accept nothing that all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms.

Then he goes on with his astonishing theme, and every line in his verse is so vividly felt and so powerfully realized that it stands as solid as a bar of iron:

Through me many long dumb voices;
Voices of interminable generations of slaves;
Voices of prostitutes, and of deformed persons;
Voices of the diseased and the despairing, and of thieves and dwarfs,
Voices of cycles of preparation and accretion,
And of the threads that connect the stars, and of wombs, and of the father-stuff,
And of the rights of them that others are down upon;
Of the trivial, flat, foolish, despised,
Fog in the air, beetles rolling balls of dung.

All that vigor would be nothing to us if there was not an assurance of spiritual vigor behind it. We are assured of that spiritual vigor by the wisdom that breaks through the lines like light; by the sense of the rhapsodist's own liberation; by the rhythm that establishes itself in the mind as one reads on. The power of visualizing that is revealed is astonishing. Thousands of objects are shown, and each object is clear and in its own atmosphere. "Speech is the twin of my vision, it is unequal to measure itself."

Then there is in Whitman the clear and tender-toned poet. The themes of the poet are affection, reconciliation, death. When he sings of death he has a strangely beautiful accent. It is as if all the things that had kept him company—those tremendous shows and processions that his will and his vision bound him to—were folded away from him. He is as Ruth to the Universe's Naomi. "Whither thou goest I will go," he says, and his trust makes beautiful his most haunting poems—Passage to India, the lovely Death Carol beginning "Come, Lovely and Soothing Death," Whispers of Heavenly Death; Darest Thou Now, O Soul; Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking, and The Last Invocation with its hushed lyricism. Did Whitman feel an unwonted power upon him when he sang of death? It would seem as if he did. It is something outside himself that prompts the lines of the Death Carol, a bird singing. And in Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking the bird that sings of separation is named a demon. Whitman surely was aware when he gave that strange name to the bird that the demon in tradition is the spiritual power beyond our own soul that prompts to extraordinary manifestations:—

Demon or bird! (said the boy's soul,)
Is it indeed towards your mate you sing? Or is it mostly to me?
For I was a child, my tongue's use sleeping,
Now I have heard you,
Now in a moment I know what I am for—I awake,
And already a thousand singers—a thousand songs, clearer, louder and more sorrowful than yours,
A thousand warbling echoes have started to life within me,
Never to die.

There are the noble poems of reconciliation in which the theme of death is blended—Camps of Green, Vigil Strange I Kept on the Field One Night, Reconciliation, When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd. John Addington Symonds has compared these poems with a Chorus in the Agamemnon of Aeschylus. "The pathos which unites these poets, otherwise so different in aim and sentiment, is deep as nature, real as life; but from this common root of feeling springs in one verse

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a spotless lily of pure Hellenic form, in the other a mystical thick growth of fancy, where thoughts brood and nestle amid tufted branches; for the powers of classic and modern singers upon the same substance of humanity are diverse."

A City Dead House, too, has the themes of death and reconciliation. And if one had to name the other great poems there are Tears, As I Lay With My Head on Your Lap Camarado, Prayer of Columbus, and Crossing Brooklyn Ferry. This last poem has in its end the mystical hymn to those visible and material things which Whitman reverenced:

You have waited, you always wait, you dumb, beautiful ministers! You novices!
We receive you with free sense at last, and are insatiate henceforward;
Not you any more shall be able to foil us, or withdraw yourselves from us;
We use you, and do not cast you aside—we plant you permanently within us;
We fathom you not—we love you—there is perfection in you also:
You furnish parts towards eternity;
Great or small, you furnish your parts towards the soul.

No poet was more consciously a national poet than was Walt Whitman. He insisted upon being the mandatory for America in the world of intuitions and of forms. His poetry was to give a psychic unity to the States. It was to hold for the generations "the Stock Personalities," exemplars in conduct and personality that would stand as archetypal figures. He celebrated a Democracy, but a Democracy that would never be the imposition of a majority-weight. Always there was to be individual assertion, and the watchword, "Resist much, obey little," was to be common. The flag—"the fanged and warlike mistress"—was to be the symbol, not so much of the country, as of the great Idea that was to realize itself. "For the great Idea, the idea of perfect and free individuals, for that idea the bard walks in advance, leader of leaders." The Democracy of his songs can never become fixed into a system, for it is only for the rare souls that are susceptible of receiving a personal message. In politics it would always be futuristic. It is not a programme, but a prophecy—a prophecy of the time when individualism and fellowship will be reconciled.

Meanwhile Whitman has left to America "the heroic landscape," and "that rarest phenomena in the world, the incomparable naïveté of the strong heart." For America and for the world his poetry has been like a secret deposit of loadstone in some sea-neighboring mountain, deflecting the courses of voyagers and making them take thought of new ways of navigation.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Fourteen Points

Orlando smiled; and Pichon said,
"Your fourteen little points are dead."
"Not so," the President replied,
"My little points have never died.

"I caught the voices in the air,
And heard proclaimed an issue there
No man might dare to straddle;
May I not say I first espied
The onward flowing human tide
With Labor in its saddle?

"You think Shantung brings me chagrin?
No; for Japan it's always been
An economic barrier.
I promised to remove all such—
I can't say China likes it much—
But all Japan is merrier.

"I said we'd open our debate—
And hide no plan for any state,
From Omsk to the Trentino;
And nothing's hid, you must agree,
From Clemenceau or George or me,
Or even old Sonnino.

"Let's take the Saar—and there you'll find
That France alone made up her mind,
Without my consultation.
No words of mine would she embrace—
It was, you see, a clear-cut case
Of self-determination.

"The freedom of the seven seas
We have secured with perfect ease—
Debate it, if you choose to;
The League of Nations, in its might,
Declares the seas have every right
To flow on as they used to.

"Need I say more?"—"No more!" they cried.
And straightway to their tasks they hied,
With all their aides and all their clerks,
Applying Fourteen Points to Turks.

C. M.

Cablegram to President Wilson

By the National Conference of Social Workers

STRONGLY supporting the League of Nations as the most promising feature of the Peace settlement, we call your attention to the fact that the Covenant is seriously handicapped in its appeal to the social conscience of America and its adoption endangered by certain treaty provisions indicated in the published summary which seem to run counter to those principles of self-determination and justice which under your leadership America has stood for in the war and in the new ordering of the world.

We believe, first, that the permanent transfer of Kiao Chau and the Shantung concessions to Japan would be indefensible, and that, if the transfer be only nominal and temporary, this should be made known speedily and authoritatively. Second, that while the produce of the Saar coal-

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fields may justly be given to France to make good the crippling by the German armies of the French mines, there is no warrant for raising the question of a transfer or political sovereignty in this region. Third, that the economic and reparation provisions be in harmony with the terms of the armistice. Fourth, that assurance be given that in fulfillment of the world's hope for a true League of Nations as against the old scheme of alliances and balance of power that the German and Russian nations, once they have established stable and democratic governments, and in the case of Germany has demonstrated by acts its intention to execute in good faith the treaty provisions, shall be admitted to the council of the League.

We heartily endorse your action in regard to Fiume and urge that in all territorial questions arising in south eastern Europe the determining principles be those enunciated by you in the fourteen points which were agreed upon by the Allied states and accepted by the enemy states as the basis for the Armistice.

We believe that the issues raised by these and other provisions of the proposed treaty settlements make it altogether clear that the League of Nations should be a living social institution susceptible of growth and development, and that amendment of the Covenant, and action by the Council and by the Assembly should not depend upon the old diplomatic procedure of unanimity.

Signed by five hundred members, as individuals, of the National Conference of Social Workers in attendance at a meeting held last week at Atlantic City; among the signers being:

Homer Folks	New York City
Royal Meeker	Washington, D. C.
Paul U. Kellogg	New York City
Allen T. Burns	New York City
Julia C. Lathrop	Washington, D. C.
Edwin D. Solenberger	Philadelphia
Graham Taylor	Chicago
Owen R. Lovejoy	New York City
Caroline B. Wittpenn	Jersey City
E. G. Routzam	New York
Mrs. Lewis Thompson	Red Bank, N. J.
James G. McDonald	New York City
Dr. R. S. Yarros	Chicago

A Resolution

Passed by the Seventh Biennial Convention of the National Women's Trade Union League held last week in Philadelphia.

WHEREAS, The great war came to an end with a general agreement to make a democratic peace such as would secure the world against the menace of future war and the consequent ruin of civilization; and

Whereas, The armistice was signed upon the distinct understanding that President Wilson's Fourteen Points would form the basis of the treaty of peace; and

Whereas, All reports of the contents of the actual treaty confirm the suspicion that not a democratic peace but a rejection of every promise to do only justice, is about to be perpetrated; and

Whereas, It is likewise reliably reported that America is to be pledged to support by all means at its disposal the forcible seizure of lands and populations which would only breed resentment and war; therefore be it

Resolved, By the National Women's Trade Union League, in convention assembled, that we enter an emphatic protest against the representatives of America agreeing to any treaty of peace except one in conformity with President Wilson's Fourteen Points, in order that the nations of the earth may join together in amity and accord for the great good of humanity.

CORRESPONDENCE

Rhode Island Reds

SIR: I am a beginning farmer. I have just been given six Rhode Island Reds: they are hens. Under the Espionage law is it safe for me to keep them?

MARY NELLES.

Mt. Kisco, New York.

The Burnt End of a Cinder

SIR: It is August 6th, 1917. The place is called in Arabic "The burnt end of a cinder." We are a few travellers of the Export Road. We loll about the Consul's rooms in limp drills. He is a very decent sort, this Consul. Of the new school which is destroying the best stage traditions of the Service. An Arab boy, ebony black, enters noiselessly and hands him a message from the cable office. Leaving him to decode it, we go up topside where, with the aid of glasses, we can see the firing line. Occasionally a British plane had a look 'round and then little gray puffs from German Archies would mottle the desert. A shout from the Consul brought us below again. The expected had happened. But somehow we could not concentrate on the great intelligence without a "W. & S." at Fishstein's (no, the name is not Conrad's, but that of the Austrian Jew running the show, who it was whispered in the Bazaar had so many unpaid chits from officialdom that internment with other of His Majesty's enemies would seem quite uncalled for). Under his friendly awning, while waiting for our drinks, we could see the caravan from the Yeman Valley making its way through the Needle's Eye and down the sand-dust mountain road into the Crescent. Each day, precisely as the sun crossed the meridian, these stately beasts, indifferent to war, bearing their coffee bag burden astride their humps, came through the lines under flag of truce, a thin stream of real Mocha for the harems of a few discriminating Sultans.

But now for a toast. It seemed entirely up to the Consul. He made the effort but failed. We knew his views and he simply could not drink a lie. He'd been out East at one post or another for a number of years. We, too, had been batting about divers parts of the world and had formed a few conclusions on our own. We indulged in a little satire at the Consul's patriotic endeavors. Reference to the good old U. S. A. getting mixed up in an "Imperial prize fight for the stakes of diplomacy" were made. We waxed a bit cynical at the thought of Americans becoming realpolitikers. We became noisy. The party grew rough. It was afterward reported that the Yankees had fittingly celebrated their country's entrance into the Great War.

* * * * *

One of this group returned to the States. A friend put him on to the New Republic. The idea that this war could be made a fight for a new set of Queensbury rules which would cut out foul play in the so-called "backward countries" was interesting. He became a regular reader. Eventually your editorials got him and he was won to the war.

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And now that for which he went into the war has been proclaimed at Versailles. Apparently he has been sold out. Yes, sold out and his quotations were from the New Republic, Inc. He looks to its editors to revise their quotations, for the market has broken. . . . Back at Fishstein's the party around those dirty marble top tables are laughing at one of their members.

N.

New York City.

The Other France

SIR: The article by Everett Glass in your issue of May 17, 1919, asking and answering the query "What do the Americans really think about the French?" presents a point of view which has been sadly neglected. It had become, when I left France, about six weeks ago, the popular indoor sport of the A. E. F. to pay one's compliments (?) to the French. And the "sense of humility, a willingness to learn and appreciate" of which Mr. Glass speaks, were rarely present.

The profiteering with which our soldiers and officers are charging the French is largely overdrawn. A sergeant said in my hearing "You go into a French shop and up goes the price 50 francs." He didn't specify whether he was talking about the price of cheese or of an automobile and when pressed for details be became hopelessly confused; yet his original assertion was greeted with cheers.

I was preyed upon in a southern training camp town more irreligiously than I was in France.

Moreover, as Mr. Glass says, the doughboys' "disregard for money" is at the root of the situation. One can still buy all the food he can eat for seven francs in the Latin Quarter; or he can go to the Café de Paris and spend fifty. My superior, a colonel, took two Red Cross girls and myself to the latter for dinner, paid 275 francs for a rather simple repast and then began to curse the French for profiteering. I asked him why he went to that particular café when he knew it was one of the most expensive places in Paris and he replied "Why, I wanted to give the girls a good time." And when I asked him why he ordered turkey when he saw that it was 30 francs per portion he said "Why, I wanted to give them a good meal, something they hadn't had." Exactly!

The mother begging at the Metro station in the piercing March cold, holding to her scantily protected breast a 28-day old baby, typifies to me France as she emerges from the war, rather than the shopkeeper tempted and encouraged by the American officer with his "beaucoup francs." Or the poilu that insisted on giving up his bed to an Australian officer and myself when we arrived in a devastated town in northern France at 1:30 in the morning. He brought us wood for the fireplace and hot coffee, and he spent the rest of the night in a chair in the kitchen. Let the praises ring a little for a change, and soft pedal the critical stuff!

ROGER B. HULL.

New York City.

They Order It Better In Spain

SIR: In your last week's issue, an anonymous correspondent, in commenting upon the Debs case, says:

> We have been witnessing attacks on an unpopular decision and the court that rendered it, by an ex-rabbi (J. L. Magnes) and . . . There seems to be something peculiar about the decision that has driven each of these specialists away from his own field. The minister declares the holding unconstitutional . . . So the clergyman has to turn lawyer.

Will you permit me space to quote what I actually did say on the Debs case? (It was an address on Political Amnesty delivered in Washington, D. C., on April 17, 1919, and is now being published by the National Civil Liberties Bureau, 41 Union Square, New York):

> What will happen to Eugene V. Debs, now in a West Virginia prison? With many thousands of my fellow-countrymen, I have been trying my best to understand the theory upon which he has been imprisoned. It is difficult for the lay mind to understand the devious ways of our legislators and our courts. We are told that free speech has not been abridged; and we are told by the Attorney General that "Debs was convicted, not because of his political or economic views, but because he plainly violated the laws of the land" in a speech. Is it a wonder that many are tempted violently to criticise American courts of justice? The first amendment to the Constitution says plainly: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." But the Supreme Court has now ruled in the Schenck and Debs cases that Congress can pass any law it chooses abridging the right of free speech in order to prevent certain "substantive evils." In other words, if Congress thinks that the exercise of free speech may bring about certain dangers or substantive evils, Congress may abridge the right of free speech. It is not put quite as bluntly as that. Congress cannot, in accordance with the Constitution, candidly and honestly and straightforwardly make a law directly forbidding the expression of a particular opinion or point of view. But Congress may forbid certain definite things, says the Supreme Court, such as wilful obstruction of recruiting; and perhaps (those preparing coming legislation may know) this theory will be extended to general strikes, or membership in an organization, or anything else, so long as these things, in the opinion of Congress, are "substantive evils." If criticism of a particular public policy adopted by the Congress may lead, in the opinion of Congress, to someone's breaking the law established by that policy, that criticism may be crushed. Criticism may indeed lead some people to law-breaking and other evils. That is a matter of course. That is a danger which is inherent in all criticism. That is one of the reasons tyrannies are so deathly afraid of criticism. The sounder and stronger and more cogent a criticism is, the more danger there is that it will lead to dissatisfaction with prevailing public policy. But we pretend to be a democracy, not a tyranny; and, as a democracy, we have calculated with both the advantages and the disadvantages of criticism, and we have pretended to believe, in this choice of risks, that the advantages outweigh the disadvantages. Debate, discussion, argument, condemnation, suggestion, free speech—that we have assumed to be the very essence of our democracy. We now learn that Congress may, in carrying out any public policy, pass laws forbidding criticism of that policy as likely to give rise to "substantive evils." Would it not be a cleaner way of going at it, if a frank attempt were made to amend the Constitution, to the effect that free speech is guaranteed only under certain conditions—in time of peace, for instance, but not in time of war, or in the discussion of certain kinds of political and economic truth and not in others? In Spain they do it much more simply. They merely announce: "Constitutional guarantees are suspended until further notice."

J. L. MAGNES.

New York City.

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The Twilight of Liberalism

SIR: Of course all of us who were pleased to call ourselves "liberals" are greatly disappointed with the peace treaty and the world knows no agony like the pain of our disillusionment, which is the more violent because our hopes had vainly been strengthened by the president's uncompromising statement on the Fiume controversy.

Now that we know the truth and see all of our hopes for a new world, good enough to hallow the sacrifices of our young heroes who died on foreign fields, shattered, much will undoubtedly be said in personal abuse of the President. Men will ask how it is possible to make so many fine phrases and yet show so little heroism in abiding by them. If "liberal minded" men feel inclined to blame the President for the defeat of their ideals they would do well to consider that his defeat is due not so much to his own personal weaknesses as to the limitations of liberalism itself.

There is a gray spirit of compromise in most liberalism ancient as well as modern. It is afraid to tear down old houses and build new ones. It just tinkers around on the old ones and has no better luck with them than the architects have. It lacks the spirit of enthusiasm, not to say fanaticism, which is so necessary to move the world out of its beaten tracks. Liberalism is too intellectual and too little emotional to be an efficient force in history. It is the philosophy of the middle aged, lacking the fervency of youth and its willingness to take a chance and accept a challenge. It approaches the old order with friendly mien, tries to blindfold it and lead it upon a new track without hurting the old order's feelings or losing its friendship. But the old order is never the doting fool that it seems to be. Either it humors and fools liberalism by changing its course so imperceptibly that it has no value or, if liberalism proves itself too persistent, it gets angry and gives the reformers a slap in the face. In the peace treaty the old order seems to have defended itself quite successfully by both methods. We need something less circumspect than liberalism to save the world.

Detroit, Michigan. R. NIEBUHR.

From the Orenburg Cossack News

SIR: I am convinced that the New Republic is endeavoring to reach a fair judgment of the Russian situation. I feel that it will be helpful to place before your readers a translation of a letter printed in a paper under date March 24th just received by me from Ekaterinburg in the Urals, and I would appreciate the courtesy of your columns for this purpose.

Received by the editors of the Orenburg Cossack News the following appeal:

Brothers—We, former members of the Red Army of the Fourth Petrograd Regiment, when we were with the Reds thought—why should the Whites shoot us? Why, they aren't really thieves and robbers. We thought and thought and finally came to the conclusion that all the Commissars are lying. And then, keeping it a secret from the Commissars, we decided to surrender—the whole regiment. And we surrendered near the village Little Tarta, near Tchernushka not far from Sarapul. Not only did they not shoot us but even received us well. Now there it was that it occurred to us to send you this letter to show you the theatenings of the Commissars. Brothers, don't believe the Commissars—they lie. They are frightening you. They mobilize us, drag us to the front, force us to fight against our brothers, while they themselves strut above the vilages, and take away our last little piece of bread that we have worked for, and in their satiety ogle our handsome young women. Our girls and wives have nothing to eat, but they don't pay any attention to that. And where do the good things go that are taken away from us? Into the pockets of the Commissars—that's how smooth they are. Were we really born only to fight for these thieves and robbers? Did we breed our horses only to carry about Commissars? Throw down your arms. Don't fight. Go to your homes. Protect your children and your wives from the Commissars. While you are still not robbed, strangle the Commissars. And if anyone thinks of coming over to us Siberians (for we also are now Siberians) tell him that the Whites don't shoot anyone and are fighting only to save Russia and to save their families from the robber-Commissars. Surrender or scatter to your homes while it is not too late.

Signed—Former members of the Red Army of the Fourth Petrograd Regiment, in number 578 men.

This is the voice of the ninety-three per cent in Russia of which Colonel Robbins has so often and so eloquently told us. The language of the letter is quaint, homely peasant language, unmistakable to anyone who has talked to Russian peasants. The Russian peasant does not often speak so that Americans can hear him. When he does, he speaks simply and very forcibly about the things that immediately concern him. It is well that Americans listen to him carefully. The towns mentioned are on the Ural front, and the "Whites" refers to the Kolchak Army.

New York City. WM. ADAMS BROWN, JR.

Robert Minor Misrepresented

SIR: Can I get the New Republic to correct a false impression which may be unimportant but which might, on the other hand, be very dangerous?

On the 9th of last December, Nickolai Lenin gave me, as a journalist, a statement to the effect that his government was willing to reassume responsibility for the debts of the old Russian régime. In response to one of my questions regarding another matter, Lenin remarked that the Entente and American governments were "not building a League of Nations, but a league of imperialists to strangle the nations." I was morally sure at that time, as I am now, that his chief reason for this caustic comment was the apparent fact that the Russian Republic was to be excluded from the League of Nations and that the latter's first undertaking would be by warfare to force the Russian people to accept a different form of government.

Some weeks later I reached Germany and sold the Lenin interview to a New York newspaper through its Berlin correspondent.

The Allied and American governments had meanwhile extended the Prinkipo invitation. When the Lenin interview appeared in print, it had been changed so as to appear to have been given at a much later date and to be Lenin's answer to the Prinkipo invitation.

Now, whereas at a time when no move had been made to get in touch with Russia, Lenin said he considered the League a "league of imperialists to strangle the nations," I am certain that he would not have made such a comment upon an invitation to parley. His answer, when it came, was an acceptance, as you know.

In the month I have been in Paris, I have made several efforts to straighten out the matter, but not a word of correction has succeeded in reaching America, so far as I know.

Paris, France. ROBERT MINOR.

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For the League of Nations

SIR: I have been a reader of the New Republic for years, although my name is not on the list of your subscribers. I used to run a newsstand myself; and am rather partial to patronizing the members of my old profession. My reading of your paper has been rather prolific in surprises, but the greatest shock you have ever given me was derived from your article in the issue of May 17, 1919, in which you apparently strengthen the hands of Lodge and Reed and Borah, by urging objections to America's full membership in the League of Nations, based, it is true, on a different ground than theirs, but coming to the same practical result.

With much of what you say about the character of the peace treaty, I am in hearty accord. Of course, we would agree, at least I believe so, in the proposition that Germany deserves everything which can be inflicted on her with safety to the rest of the world. I do not hold—no sane student of recent history can—that the pre-war policy of Germany was the sole cause of the war. And very few otherwise intelligent people would hold that view today, if Germany had not created a prejudice against herself unexampled in history since the days of the original Attila, by the methods to which she resorted in the prosecution of the war. But we can agree, I think, that the "German" methods of warfare merit all the condemnation that human language is adequate to the expression of, and all the punishment, to quote our railroad rate-making friends, "that the traffic will bear."

The more clearly you make out your contention that the Allies have overshot themselves in the formulation of the terms of the treaty, the more imperative you make the formation of the League of Nations. At least, that is my view of the matter. If Germany cannot bear the terms, she will some day, for the peace and safety of the world, have to be relieved from them. And I am very sure that within a few years after the war, there will be a strong feeling throughout the world in favor of their modification.

The passions that have dictated the treaty now under consideration will cool down. A beaten antagonist is always ultimately forgiven. Germany, under the terms of the treaty, will still be ground into the dust when Belgium and Northern France are once more humming hives of industry, hardly showing even the scars of the wounds they have sustained during the past four years. When that time comes, the public opinion of the world will swing around to the view that further punishment would be unethical to the point of savagery. Already the working-classes of the world, internationalist and class-conscious, are beginning to realize what the treaty will do to their German brothers. And the future belongs to those classes.

When that time comes, if the League of Nations is not in existence, if Germany cannot bring before such a body the question of the commutation of her sentence, it will mean war. And if the League of Nations is in existence, America should surely be at the council board. She has had her part in framing the peace terms; she should have her say in determining the question when the end of punishment has been attained, and commutation is safe.

You seem to think that America, at such a time, will find herself confronted by the solid bloc of empires which are profiting by the terms imposed on the Germans. But such a supposition is contrary to all the lessons of history. Sooner or later, the victors always fall out among themselves. France and England and Japan will inevitably develop their own mutual rivalries. Germany will find friends among her conquerors who are jealous of the others. If there is no League of Nations, they will be her allies in a new war, "the war in 1938" of which an English novelist has so graphically written. If there is a League of Nations, they will be her advocates in the Assembly or the Council; and it is extremely unlikely that there will be any nation among the Allies whose public opinion would sustain the insistence upon the pound of flesh from Germany fifteen or twenty years hence.

There is one other consideration: The peace of the world, for the next thirty years, is going to depend on the reasonableness with which the Allies administer the terms of the peace treaty, even if the text is not mitigated and modified. France and England did not defeat Germany; they could not have done it without our help. We turned the tide when it was flowing irresistibly towards Paris and German victory. Having given to Great Britain and France the power to impose their wills on Germany, we are responsible for the manner in which that power is exercised. If we ratify the peace treaty as now formulated, in case the Germans sign it, I conceive that we are morally obligated to the League of Nations. My logic may be wrong. But think it over again.

CHARLES B. MITCHELL.

Miami, Oklahoma.

Investigation Needed

SIR: The following is a passage from a letter of Kate Richards O'Hare, now serving sentence in a Missouri prison. "Aside from this, there is only one feature that is really revolting, and that is the criminally stupid mixing of the clean women, with the frightfully syphilitic. Absolutely no effort to separate them is made. There is an Indian woman here from Alaska, a 'Federal,' who is in the very last stages. Her throat is one mass of open sores, and she bathes in the same tub that I do, and clean, healthy girls are forced to clean the tubs after her baths. There is a white girl in almost as bad condition who eats at the table with us, and many of the colored girls are diseased. The dishes are not kept separate and no disinfectants are used. I have made formal complaint to Warden W. R. Painter in writing, but so far have received no answer. I am writing to Judge Crum today, asking him for legal advice as to my actions. I have asked him to take the matter up with Mr. Fosdick, who has charge of the campaign against venereal disease for the 'Federals.' I think Julia Lathrop, chief of the Children's Bureau, could do much by personally pressing the matter with the Department of Justice. She is in Washington, and no doubt will be glad to act in the matter. It is a particularly frightful state of affairs as most of the Federal prisoners are young women who are in here for short sentences. I doubt if any thing can be done for the state prisoners. Missouri is so benighted, and cursed by ignorant, illiterate, petty politicians that I have little hope of anything being done to bring its institutions up to any thing humane or modern. Poor old Missouri!

Of course I would not be telling the truth if I denied that this phase of the situation did not affect me. It does. I can never forget the sickening fact that the country my ancestors helped to found, and which my father gave his life to protect, has forced me to live in constant danger of contamination from the most loathsome of all diseases, because I held opinions contrary to the opinions of the party in power."

E. HILLSMITH.

South Danbury, New Hampshire.

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Books and Things

EVEN in the quietest of imaginable times Richard Bangor's death would not, I suppose, have got on any front page. His novels were nothing that a best seller ought to be, nor did they possess any of those qualities which bring a novelist a slower and intenser fame among the intellectuals. Short and leisurely, they summoned nobody to revolt, they insisted upon no social change. By this I don't mean that they respected, or that they disrespectfully accepted as immutable, the existing social order. They accepted nothing as immutable except a few traits in human nature. For the rest, everything he wrote seemed suspended in a belief, unanalysed and taken as a matter of course, not only that the existing social order is an anomaly, but that everything which is might just as easily have been something else, that the slightest chemical difference in the remoter origins of this world might have given us by this time a world without anything resembling mankind. Many readers disliked in his novels the more or less hidden presence of this belief, just as they disliked Richard Bangor's kind of scepticism. Distinguishing clearly between ideally complete knowledge and the knowledge possible to man, he yet came as near as he ever could come to insisting that in practice the difference was enormous between the man whom the present always took by surprise and the man intelligently provident, the farcaster, the wise guy. From his novels as a whole no alert reader ever got a sense that all our knowledge was uncertain enough to vindicate a lazy man's preference for leaning back, putting his legs up and letting things slide. As with knowledge, so with conduct. There is nothing soothing in a sceptic who assumes that the little most which man can do or know is worth more for human purposes than anything less than this most. The magic hand of chance, Bangor was always implying, makes its happier arrangements for those only who don't depend on it too much. And this, you will admit, was awfully like saying that heaven helps those who help themselves.

Another possible explanation of Bangor's unpopularity occurs to me. His first novel was published more than thirty years ago, his last is less than a year old, and there are only four in all. He gave his readers time to forget all about him. I always supposed, until he told me the contrary, that he wrote little because other interests kept him busy. He was a good deal of a traveller, he had fought a little in our war against Spain, he was actively a forester on his own rather large place in New England, he liked shooting and fishing, he learned to read a new language every three or four years, he spent several hours a day with his wife and children, he had a good many friends. This experience was not wasted on him. His books prove him a good observer and a good rememberer of past emotion. His talk revealed him as even an exceptional rememberer, for he could recall not only lost desires, affections, hopes and fears, but how some intellectual question he had closed used to look when it was still open. An ability which is rare. With all this material to draw on, and with that skill in drawing on some of it which is evident enough in his few books, Bangor naturally struck me as a man who wrote whenever he felt like it and who felt like it once in a long while. The truth wasn't like that. He was just one more "barren rascal," he said. He had always wanted to write, for years he had spent four or five hours at his desk almost every day, and all his other hours, except those he passed with his family or his friends, were filled with activities whose main object was to make him forget the tortures of his futile attempts to write. They tortured him at one stage only, and mostly he never got beyond that stage. Once he had his idea, he said, his stuff came to him in abundance and getting it down on paper was good fun. Still better fun was the next stage in his process, when he would take this material and sharpen and heighten and concentrate it, when he would beat his two or three hundred thousand words down to seventy thousand or sixty. This was a keener pleasure than any he knew except being out of doors or in love, or except working at his next and final revision, of which the object was to remove the marks left by the concentrator's labor and pain, to make his narrative easy without making it smooth, to make his story sparkle and sing its way to the sea, between banks where danger gleams and hides and gleams.

All this later part of his work, in Bangor's case, was joy. What wasn't joy but pain, what was bitter and barren and impotent, was the effort to find his "idea." To my surprise I learned, when he talked about all this, that his idea, the thing he sought for and fought for, was always a story. I shouldn't be exaggerating much if I said a plot. He himself used the word. He couldn't think of plots. He had thought, he said, of exactly four that he could do anything with, one to each of his novels. It did no good to ask him what the plot was of War and Peace or of Don Quixote. It did no good, as I found out by trying it on, to read him this bit from the preface to The Old Wives' Tale: "Every stout, ageing woman is not grotesque—far from it!—but there is an extreme pathos in the mere fact that every stout, ageing woman was once a young girl with the unique charm of youth in her form and movements and in her mind. And the fact that the change from the young girl to the stout, ageing woman is made up of an infinite number of infinitesimal changes, each unperceived by her, only intensifies the pathos." Here, in Mr. Bennett's own words, we have the idea, the organizing idea, of The Old Wives' Tale. What do you mean, I would ask Richard Bangor, by saying that you cannot think of ideas for stories? Every week life forces some such "idea" as this upon every sensitive observer who knows his business. Now and then an idea of this order goes down into a man, as into Mr. Bennett while he was sitting in that Rue de Clichy restaurant, deep enough to be the root of a masterpiece. You call yourself barren of ideas, I would say to Bangor. But a dozen such ideas, to a man with your experience to remember and your power to remember it, are enough to start a novelist off often enough to keep him going all his life. Unless, of course, he proposes to himself a monstrous and indecent fecundity. It is astonishing, I said, how little mere invention, what you mean by invention, the kind you haven't got, there is in the great books. It is astonishing how much good invention there is in books nobody would think of rereading.

This might all be true enough, Bangor would answer, but it didn't help him a bit. An idea he could use had to be a special size and shape. It must fit the lock of that locked door which barred his way to his material. "There's plenty of stuff left in me," he said, "if I could get at it. I'm like an orange you could make a decent drink with, only it has a skin that won't come off."

P. L.

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A Family Affair

Bolshevism, by John Spargo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

ONE who seeks a criticism of Bolshevism or a defense of it in terms of general politics or economics or sociology will find meagre aliment in John Spargo's book. It is an attack by one kind of Marxian socialist upon another kind; it is dogma confronting dogma, without great resultant profit to the spectator who is neither one kind of socialist nor another, who is a depreciator of both dogmas. There is a kind of criticism of Bolshevism which sets out from moderate socialism as an effective literary device. An Easley may attack the Bolsheviki without great effect, because everyone knows that the Easleys had made up such minds as they had long before hearing the case. It is different when the attack comes from a presumptive socialist. John Spargo, however, is an honest socialist and nothing is farther from his mind than to use his socialism as a means of enhancing the effect of his argument.

John Spargo recognizes, and, being an honest man, admits that it was not Bolshevism that caused Russia to drop out of the war. He admits that his idol Kerensky would have been compelled to accept a shameful peace much like that of Brest-Litovsk. He recognizes that Kerensky had only one slender chance of keeping Russia in the war, and that was the chance that the Allies might repudiate the secret treaties and agree upon a democratic formulation of war aims. Being a cautious man John Spargo does not admit this, and alludes only vaguely to Allied misunderstanding of Russia and Allied mistakes. The Bolsheviki for their own purposes capitalized the imperialistic designs of the Allies and encouraged defeatism; their intentions were therefore bad although their intervention was superfluous. As for the charge that the Bolsheviki were German agents, Spargo pleads an open mind. He mumbles about suspicious circumstances; Lenin had associated with this German spy or that; a Stockholm dispatch (unverified) had reported negotiations between the German majority Socialists and the Bolsheviki; plainly, thinks Spargo, there is something to be cleared up. The particular facts he adduces to indicate that there was something suspicious about the relations between the Bolsheviki and the Germans are so meagre and confused that one suspects that they are chosen at random. Where there is so much smoke, Spargo apparently thinks, there must be some fire. But he does not try to make capital out of the accusation. Neither does he make capital out of the Terror. He pronounces it worse than the terrorism of the Tsar, but that is a minor point in his indictment.

The major point is that the Bolsheviki have trodden democracy under foot and are therefore recreant to socialism. They did this, too, just when democracy was about to triumph. The whole tendency of Russian revolutionary strivings — the history which Spargo recounts, rather tediously—had been in the direction of democracy. True, democracy was conceived by the early reformers exclusively as political democracy. Even in the revolution of 1905-6 the reforms sought were political, not economic. So also of the Zemstvo movement in the early part of the war, and the second revolution itself was at the outset bourgeois. Lvov, Miliukov and Rodzianko wanted a revolution that would go just so far and no farther. "Poor timid bourgeois," comments Spargo loftily. He wanted the revolution to go a little farther, being a courageous socialist.

In fact Spargo was willing to have the revolution go as far as it liked, provided that it observed the principle of majority rule. If the majority wanted an immediate peace, so it should have been. If the majority wanted to confiscate the large landholdings, good. If the majority had wanted to establish a socialistic state Spargo would have agreed. That is perfectly good liberalism, and middle class liberals can accept it the more cheerfully because majority rule has nowhere led to a socialistic state and is not likely soon to lead to such a state. There are too many men with more than average political capacity and combining power who hold or expect to win something more than the average lot. But Spargo is criticizing the Bolsheviki from the point of view of socialism, and it is from that point of view that his criticism must be judged. He charges the Bolsheviki with wanting to go farther than they could possibly go under majority rule, and the charge is perfectly valid. They were determined to establish socialism through a dictatorship of the proletariat and of the poorest peasants. They wished the 200,000 class conscious workingmen to dominate the 180,000,000 Russians. But the Tsar and the bureaucrats had made up a scarcely less insignificant minority. "Dictatorship by small minorities is not a new phenomenon. All that is new when the majority attempting to establish its dictatorship is composed of poor, propertyless people, is the fact of their economic condition and status. That is the only difference between the dictatorship of Russia by the Romanov dynasty and the dictatorship of Russia by a small minority of determined, class conscious working-people." Just so the difference in economic conditions and status is the only essential difference between a Romanov and a mujik. It is nevertheless an important difference. If you care to apply an impartial logic to the quarrel between Spargo and the Bolsheviki you will find that the case stands as follows: The dictatorship of the Romanovs tended to perpetuate itself as minority rule. That of the Bolsheviki could remain minority rule only until the majority had been reduced to the status of proletarian and had become class conscious. A property qualification for the franchise may mean perpetual minority rule. There is not property enough to go around. But if poverty is the qualification, and production goes from bad to worse, as John Spargo assumes of Russia, minority rule must be transitory.

Let the poorest seize the power, strip other classes of their wealth and wean them of their desire for it; then add them to the governing proletariat, to aid in stripping other classes. That is the Bolshevist tactics. It is rough tactics, and a liberal will reject both ends and means. An evolutionary socialist like John Spargo may be justified in rejecting the means. But if all he is solicitous about is majority rule, he ought to see that at the end of the process majority rule would automatically return. Perhaps he can't see this. Certainly he gives abundant evidence at other points of most extraordinary myopia. Lenin is a great enthusiast for scientific management and for strict discipline in the workshops. John Spargo can see no difference between the operation of scientific management where, by hypothesis, the workers are to get the whole produce, and its operation where its chief result is to swell profits. Lenin scoffs at conventional antimilitarism. Let every worker know the use of arms, against a day of need. It will be time to disarm when all the world is socialistic. John Spargo can't see the difference between this class conscious revolutionary militarism and the militarism of the American Security League. And when you observe how many things John Spargo fails to see, although honestly trying to see, the question presses itself upon you: How much of

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Spargo's information on concrete details is valid, and how much of it has been put over on him by the disguised counter-revolutionary propagandists infesting all the western world? Certainly Spargo must have been recorded as a succulent prey by hosts of those smooth, candid gentlemen from Russia who tell you that their fathers were exiled for revolutionary activity, that while in their 'teens they took part in student risings, were hidden away for years, became socialists, very red, you understand, but the Bolsheviki are not socialists but traitors to socialism, etc.

Karl Marx did indeed speak about a dictatorship of the proletariat, and Marx is John Spargo's Bible, valid wherever he can not be explained away. But Marx assumed that the historical process would multiply the proletariat and diminish the bourgeoisie until the former were an overwhelming majority. Thus the dictatorship of the proletariat would be majority rule and would meet John Spargo's moral requirements. Marx, however, was not bothering about the moralities but the practicalities. As he saw it, a proletarian minority could not possibly retain power. He did not believe in their attempting what he conceived to be impossible. He counselled waiting until the course of history multiplied their numbers and gave them self-consciousness. Suppose he were living now and had the candor to admit that he was wholly wrong about the iron law, and the law of capitalistic concentration; also that he had failed to forecast the differentiation of industries into key industries like transportation and coal mining and ordinary industries, and that a minority in control of the key industries might conceivably grasp the power and hold it. Would he say with Spargo. Nevertheless we must be loyal to the Marxism of fifty years ago? Minority dictatorship or majority dictatorship: either is hostile to individualism and personal liberty. There is for a liberal little room for choice between them.

John Spargo does not score off Lenin. You can not read the quotations from Lenin in Spargo's text without getting the impression of something hard and sharp and bright impaling something very soft and mortal. John Spargo should not play with knives. Perhaps it is a realization of his bad luck with Lenin that makes him lunge out so savagely at the American radicals who profess to admire Lenin. They are pacifists and anti-conscriptionists, but Lenin is for war and conscription. They demand free speech, free press, freedom of assemblage, but Lenin respects none of these things. They cry out against any restriction of the right of suffrage, but Lenin restricts the suffrage at his own sweet will. "Is there no logical sense in the average radical's mind? . . . How many are simply victims of subtle neuroses occasioned by sex derangements, by religious chaos, and similar causes." Bravo!

Some day when the censorship of the Bolsheviki and the Allied blockade have been broken down an extremely instructive book may be written on the Bolshevik experiment. It will probably be rather damaging not only to the Bolsheviki but to every form of doctrinaire socialism. No statesman has ever succeeded in organizing even political government so perfectly as to meet exactly the requirements of the masses. To organize the whole economic life as well in the general interest is a task apparently beyond human powers. Lenin has recognized the necessity of compromising with the demands of bourgeois managers and capitalists, with the landowning peasantry, with the cooperative societies, with foreign capital. He has not made compromises enough to restore the productive process of the nation. If he remains in power long enough he is likely to compromise away most of what is usually meant by socialism. There will be instruction in a book analyzing the process of compromise in detail. There is not much in a book like Spargo's which merely proves what Lenin proclaims and all the world knows, that Bolshevism is a dictatorship of a minority group, not a finished form of political and economic democracy.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Up From Manchester

Set Down in Malice, a book of reminiscences, by Gerald Cumberland. New York: Brentano's.

SOMEWHERE about the middle of this book Mr. Cumberland goes to interview Max Beerbohm. In his schoolboy days, Mr. Cumberland confesses, he used to collect Max's articles. "A friend of mine had all Max's Saturday Review articles beautifully typewritten on thick yellow paper and bound in scarlet cardboard. Max was precious, Max was deliciously impertinent, Max was too frightfully clever for words." Now, alas, he had begun to "date." "But half-an-hour's talk with him revived some of the old fascination. He had 'atmosphere'; his personality created an environment; he brought a flavor of far-off days. We talked quite pleasantly of his art, but he said nothing that has stuck in my memory, and my questions seemed to amuse rather than interest him. . . . He led the way to the front door, shook me by the hand, looked at me meditatively for a moment, smiled faintly, and . . . vanished."

That amusement, that faint smile of Max Beerbohm's —how much of their meditativeness does Mr. Cumberland really penetrate? At times in this volume of gossip he seems perfectly aware of his own temerity. At other times he seems absolutely shock-proof. When he remarks that Max's "personality created an environment," he shows an artlessness only equalled by his having bound Max's Yellow Book story in lizard skin. Yet he can say of Frank Harris, "there is something of the jaguar in his nature." That observation is astonishingly salient. Mr. Cumberland's own "atmosphere" is not the least diverting element in his book.

He is an English journalist not too young to have interviewed Shaw in 1901 and yet young enough to have scribbled these chapters "in the trenches and dug-outs of Greece and Serbia." And he comes from Manchester. This is perhaps the significant fact. "I have stayed in Athens, and Athens is a marvelous city; I know my Paris, and Paris is not without fascination; I have been to Cairo, and the bazaars of Cairo seemed to me so wonderful that I held my breath as I passed through them; I know Antwerp and some of the half-dead cities of Belgium, and in Bruges I have felt as decadent as any nasty Belgian poet. But these places are not Manchester. They are not so glorious as Manchester, not so vital, not so romantic, not so adventurous." "Manchester has a sincere and very proper respect for success, and particularly for success that has been won in the face of great difficulties. Manchester loves education and knowledge, not only because these things are useful in achieving success, but also for their own sake. Manchester is public-spirited, proud of its traditions, loyal to its principles. It is cultured—not in the super-refined, lily-fingered sense, but in the sense that it loves literature, music, art. It is enthusiastic about these things; it works hard to come by them and treasures them when they are obtained." Yes, Mr. Cumberland is immitigably from Manchester.

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But he left Manchester to go to London, just as a Chicago music critic might leave Chicago to go to New York. And in London rather to his surprise he soon was making his £700 a year. He found himself a regular contributor to the Daily Citizen and the Herald and to his Manchester paper, with reviews and articles in practically all the "serious" weeklies. More than that, he met all sorts of interesting people—people, that is to say, publicly interesting. At home, extremely at home, in literary and musical circles, he also made a place for himself in Chelsea and around the town. He abounded. But along with his abundance went something sharp and sensible, something English, and it is this that makes Set Down in Malice an amusing volume.

To define the amusingness of Mr. Cumberland it is not enough to say he is a good gossip. George Moore's Ave atque Vale is good gossip, though it is infinitely more. There is essential gossip in Frank Harris's Contemporary Portraits, but there is also passionate interpretation, and the interpretation almost transmutes the gossip. Mr. Cumberland has no genius like Frank Harris, no seditious intelligence like George Moore. He is, in the first place, naïve. Not unlike Arnold Bennett in The Truth About an Author, he seems all through his volume to be pleasantly divided between a certain smart pragmatism and cynicism and a warm boyish excitement and romanticism, with touches of Weltschmerz. For the task he has set himself, however, these are not disqualifications. It may be naïve to move around London as if it were the grandstand at Epsom and as if a ticket to the grand-stand were in itself a supreme cachet. But in this simple exultation there is something extraordinarily human; and Mr. Cumberland is not blindly exulting. He has a good deal of humor about his own book on Hall Caine. He makes serious mistakes about non-literary people like Norman Angell, and often he is trivial as well as lively and impressionable. But he is spontaneous, he is as unaffected as a groundling writer can be, and he tries heroically to say what he thinks.

That heroism passes beyond Sir Edward Elgar ("great depth of understanding combined with a curious fastidiousness of style that is almost finicking") to Sir Edward Elgar's wife ("I did not allow Lady Elgar's rather violent political prejudices to interfere with my appetite"). It is a heroism that conquers any nil nisi bonum in regard to Stanley Houghton, and it spares neither the dignity of C. H. Herford nor the personal peculiarities of Arnold Bennett nor the privacy of John Masefield. Mr. Masefield is caricatured in his tea-making, yet he is also apprehended as a poet. The sidelight on St. John Ervine is not friendly. Neither is the sketch of Miss A. Horniman, nor the one of Harold Brighouse. But Sir Owen Seaman, "rather beefy and John Bullish," and Jerome K. Jerome, "inveterate sentimentalist," are attractively suggested and excellent copy is made out of Ernest Newman, Granville Bantock, Yvette Guilbert, musical Berlin. The sketch of Bernard Shaw is definitely though not uniquely amusing. Mr. Cumberland does not quite comprehend the Webbs at whom he gibes. He is better with his musicians—better and less trite. Outside music the men he most warmly praises are Frank Harris, Hilaire Belloc, A. R. Orage, Augustus John, AE. His judgment of D. H. Lawrence is interesting, as is his misjudgment of John Synge. And he is charming about Dixon Scott.

"I heard a voice behind me say: 'Dixon Scott.'

"I turned round immediately.

"'Are you Dixon Scott?' I asked a man—a man who looked as unlike my preconceived pictures of him as possible.

"'Yes, and someone has just told me you are Gerald Cumberland.'

"'How awfully jolly,' said I, 'for now I have the opportunity of telling you how much I admire your wonderful genius.'

"'Tophole!' said he. 'I love praise, don't you?'

"'Ra—ther!' said I.

"And then I fought for a taxi and saw Scott no more."

Engaging on account of its bright humanity, Set Down in Malice is still more interesting because it gives the profile of a man. Mr. Cumberland reveals nothing unfair to the people whom he intrudes upon, and he reveals a great deal that is suggestive about himself. His chapter on Night Clubs, his chapter on Fleet Street, his People I Would Like to Meet, and his Two Chelsea Rags 1914 and 1918, exhibit an English feuilletoniste better than most novels. "We little artists!" exclaims Mr. Cumberland. It is a bitter and knowing exclamation. Yet the man who says it is the man who elsewhere writes glibly of "sheer originality" and of "flouting the artistic conventions."

F. H.

The International Man

Richard Cobden: The International Man, by J. A. Hobson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

FEW men have been so fortunate either in their friends or their biographers as Richard Cobden. The half-dozen sentences of Peel, the broken cry of Bright at the news of his death, are in themselves more weighty than a score of statues. The official life by Lord Morley is in many ways the greatest of his portraits, and its underlying philosophy has made it one of the half-dozen accepted texts of nineteenth-century liberalism. And now comes Mr. Hobson with an attractive pendant to that essay in which he sketches, largely through unpublished correspondence, the attitude of Cobden to international affairs. Let it be said at once that these letters will add greatly to Cobden's reputation. Unquestionably he has been for the public too much the man who secured the downfall of protection in England; and too little attention has been paid to his noble labors in behalf of international peace. Mr. Hobson, as was to be expected, has done his editorial work supremely well. For the most part he lets Cobden speak for himself; and his own comment, save for a final word, is restricted to a thin but sufficient trickle of connecting narrative. The more one comes into contact with Mr. Hobson's work, the more complete will be the recognition of its sterling character. A powerful satirist, an economist of exceptional distinction, the author of the best treatise on imperialism in any language, despite a certain doctrinaire rigidity, he touches nothing that he does not adorn. Certainly we have reason to be grateful for this illuminating volume.

Yet it must be said that it rather raises problems than solves them. Cobden, like most of the Manchester school, was a rigid non-interventionist in foreign policy, and his bête-noir was Palmerston. He hated the latter for his truculent worship of a false prestige, his delight in the devious by-ways of diplomacy, his inability to count the cost of war in terms of popular suffering, his constant appeal to the less admirable side of national sentiment. He was so eagerly alive to the solidarity of that international interest which depended upon trade that whatever

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stood in its way seemed to him little less than the incarnation of evil. Thus it was that he was led to the famous treaty of 1861 with France which laid, a half-century before other men understood its potentialities, the foundations of the Franco-British alliance. He denounced the Crimean war, with its vicious attempt to bolster up the decayed sovereignty of Turkey. He denounced that Chinese opium war which of all British imperial adventures is by far the least defensible. He denounced the traffic in armaments which, in his day, was just beginning to assume those proportions which have involved the present generation in disaster. No man save Bright worked so zealously as he to preserve peace between Great Britain and the United States at the time of the Trent and the Alabama; and the letters to Charles Sumner, here reprinted, are a text-book for statesmen charged with the upbuilding of international friendship. No man contributed so much as he to avert that war between England and France which loomed so largely over the middle period of the nineteenth century. Each separate item in his creed, that is to say, is almost always patently right; and these letters reveal an ability to understand the unity of interest by which, at bottom, the world is held together which few statesmen even in our generation, save, perhaps, Mr. Wilson, have equalled.

Yet it is less clear now, the more particularly in the light of the correspondence here published, that Cobden's general attitude is as creative as Mr. Hobson's polemic skill would make it appear. Unquestionably Cobden was right in his assumption that the break-down of tariff-walls was a fundamental step towards international understanding. But the doctrine of non-intervention, of which he was so persuasive an exponent, is surely less valuable. It is, after all, a doctrine of selfishness. It assumes, to take a single instance, that the helpless Armenian population must be left to the cruelty of the Turks on the one hand or the autocracy of Tsarist Russia on the other. Non-intervention, in fact, is morally inadequate in exactly the same way and for precisely the same reasons that the Manchester gospel of laissez-faire is morally inadequate. It assumes that the state has no positive duty to secure right, and, further, it limits even its negative duties to the protection of its own citizens. That is surely a sterile creed. European Christians cannot, to take again the case of Turkey, watch the butchery of Armenians to make a Mahomedan holiday on the ground that the internal affairs of Turkey are its own concern. And if France shows signs, as under Louis Napoleon she undoubtedly did, of attempting again the territorial domination of Europe without regard to the accepted principles of the moral code, objection must surely be raised. Every one knows of the cynical conversation between Louis Napoleon and Bismarck in which the former proposed to annex Belgium, Prussia compensating herself with Luxembourg. It is impossible even in the interests of peace to watch unmoved so naked a theft as this. We need, in fact, an international police to prevent international burglary just as we need a national preventive against internal crime. The logical result of Cobden's attitude would today be the German domination of Europe. The fact is that no statesman can watch unmoved the growth of any power which casts, as France and Germany cast, an envious eye upon their neighbors. There is a logic in preparing to defend your neighbor which no one who has lived through the last four years will find it an easy matter to contradict.

There are, however, important truths even in Cobden's negations which it is well to bear in mind. It is far easier to see that a consistent non-interventionism is morally sterile than to say at what precise moment interference becomes justified. Every foreign office is a nest of unjustifiable suspicion and unproved doubts. Most military and naval men will argue for a preparedness which is morally wrong and economically impossible. All countries contain groups and interests who are actively opposed to peace and make it their business to prepare for war. When the admirable example of Russia is copied by the western nations and the contemporary archives are thrown open to the historian the tale of dishonesty he can there discover will go far towards destroying our confidence in the ultimate goodness of human nature. National prestige may well mean the sinister purposes of Herr Mannesman. The protection of American rights in Mexico may well be a mere façade behind which are secreted the great oil magnates of the country. No men are so prone to wrap themselves in the flag as adventurers of the type of Cecil Rhodes. Statesmen, as in the Russo-Japanese war, may find it necessary to preach the inevitability of national antagonism to protect the dishonestly acquired spoils of a disreputable band of courtiers. It was things of this kind that made Cobden suspicious, and rightly suspicious, of interventionist policy. And at a time when the foreign politics of every state is so clearly dominated by its business interests, when general staffs are occupied with strategic boundaries, and men of commerce with valleys full of coal and iron, the price of international morality must still be eternal vigilance.

Yet to the unity of mutual interdependence the world has at length been reduced; and with this development the theories for which Cobden in foreign politics stood sponsor serve rather as a warning than as an example. "Modern internationalists," as Mr. Hobson admirably says, "are no longer mere non-interventionalists—experience has forced upon them the truth that governments are not essentially and of necessity the enemies of liberty, but that upon certain conditions they may become its creators." That, indeed, is the great lesson of this book for American readers.

It might well prove profitable for the American commonwealth to neglect the old world save in so far as commerce developed connection with it. It might well prove profitable to insist that the troubles of the Balkans belong to the Balkans and to turn its back upon their solution. That is a debatable question. But what is not debatable is the unmorality implied in such an attitude. For it refuses to make examination of the moral foundations of neutrality. It refuses to realize that America, her own interests apart, has a duty to the world and that it is by its performance she will be judged. An America which took advantage of her own geographical good fortune to watch unmoved the destruction of Europe would not merely be untrue to her own origins, but unfaithful also to the cause of international rightmindedness. She must, indeed, ceaselessly examine each turn of the diplomatic wheel. There is incumbent upon her, from her peculiar environment, the duty of neutrality until the moral issue has been demonstrated beyond debate. But once that issue is clear she cannot and dare not escape her manifest destiny. The international government of the world has become essential to the maintenance of civilization. Non-intervention, as Mr. Hobson rightly says, was defensible when genuine internationalism was impossible. But with the agony of death a new world has been born; and new creeds have become essential if it is to be worthy of its foundation in self-sacrifice.

H. J. L.

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THE WAR AND PREACHING

By Rev. Dr. John Kelman

Minister of St. George's United Free Church, Edinburgh.

(Lyman Beecher Lectures delivered in May at the School of Religion, Yale University)

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AUTHORITY IN THE MODERN STATE

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Ineffectual Angels?

Shelley's Elopement, by Alexander Harvey. New York: A. A. Knopf.

MR. HARVEY brings before us with no little skill and verve the members of the Shelley-Godwin circle in their habits as they lived. His book helps us to "see plain" not only Shelley but all the people of that fearful and wonderful ménage on Skinner Street. Political Justice Godwin and his sharp-tongued, short-winded wife Mary Jane who managed asthmatically the Juvenile Library, for the press of which the Lambs wrote their Tales from Shakespeare and William Hazlitt composed an English Grammar: Fanny, illegitimate child of Godwin's first wife Mary Wollestonecraft (Fanny's face crimsons, flushes, and glows with extreme facility and no little frequency in Mr. Harvey's dramatic opening chapter): that tempestuous petticoat Mary Godwin, Shelley's elopement with whom is nominally the theme of the book. Mr. Harvey can stage his scene well. A special joy is the sixth chapter in which Mary Godwin and her stepmother so adroitly dissemble their love for one another:—Mary hurls into the yard first a saucer, then a plate, then another saucer. ("Her manner was as cool as that of a surgeon directing a major operation.") Mrs. Godwin projects a greasy dishcloth at Mary, who having somehow got out of practice, fails to dodge the missile, with disastrous results. But the end is not yet. Mary, coming back into her old form, deals her stepmother successive clouts on the head, smashes her spectacles, and generally disarranges her as thus:—"Her breath was gone from her body. She had lost one of her felt slippers. There was a tooth either loose or missing from her jaw. She felt her mouth in a dazed way."

Shelley comes out in vivid coloring too—chewing raisins while, prostrate before the kitchen fire, he reads Aeschylus: tossing raisins Cinquevalli-wise into the air and catching them in his mouth as they fall: conversing polysyllabically with Godwin, and at the same time abstractedly shooting pellets of dough at his hostess as she pours the sherry; diving into a trunk to dodge the bailiffs, and so on. ("What a set!" exclaimed the impregnably fastidious Arnold as he laid down Edward Dowden's Shelley.

Why did Claire join the elopers? Did she force herself on Mary, as Mr. Harvey thinks? Shelley, he writes, "seemed to accept Claire as part of the natural order of his elopement with Mary." Ingpen believes that at the last moment Claire was persuaded to join the couple on their continental trip because she could speak French. Gribble's notion is that Mary took Claire with her as a sop to the conventions, halving the impropriety as it were, and thus salving her own conscience in some obscure way. As likely as not it was simply a combination of jealousy and cussedness that made her inflict herself on the party. Claire generally succeeded in having her own way when she wanted it.

H. A. L.

Contributors

CLIVE BELL, an English literary and art critic. The author of Art and Pot-Boilers.

M. E. RAVAGE, author of An American in the Making, and an occasional contributor to the New Republic.

PADRAIC COLUM, one of the younger Irish writers now resident in America. The author of Wild Earth, Mogu the Wanderer and other books.

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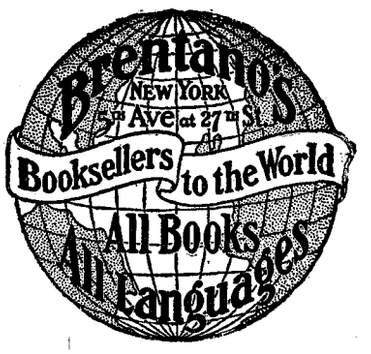

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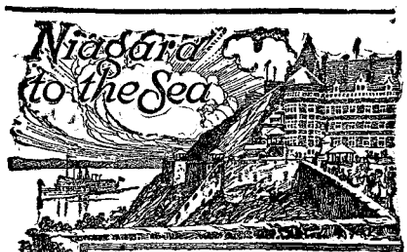

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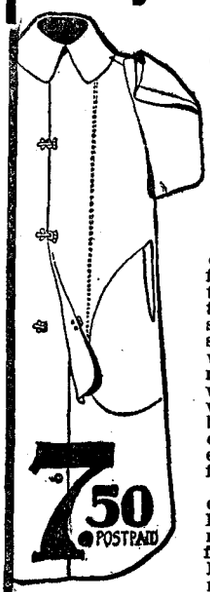

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